SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Articles.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Arab Steed.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I am free! my own Arabian, again to dare the strife,
Free from my prison walls, I breathe, once more, the breath of life.
My limbs that bent with stern beneath the tyrant's galling chain
Are free once more, to stride with thee, across the desert plain.
I mount thy back. I speed with thee—my gallant one and true
My war cry in their teeth. I fling—the Prophet—Allah, ho!
Away away, no eagle swift, could on more lightly fly
Across the trackless desert, nor, no bound except the sky
Like to the ball that lightly skims o'er ponder deep blue sea
We speed—we speed—my gallant one! no wave in it more fleet!
Neigh proud, no coward of foe we meet, we'll charge right boldly through!
And shouting to their dastard throats, our war cry Allah, ho!
The silken mane, my gentle one, shall proudly wave on high.
The arched neck as graceful as the rainbow of you sky.
No steed ever fled in princely stall, so strong so fleet, as thou,
None more for thou art as the wind, my Kehel light and free.
speed, speed, my own Arabian, and bear me to her feet
My gentle dove, my Zulima, my soul doth long to greet
They speed across the desert lands, that brave knight and steed
The foe to thwart his master's wish, whom utter'd in his need
They meet a tent—a sunny spot—of Arab love the bower.
The lovers meet, the minstrel long, what rapture in that hour!
Afar from father's kindly roof, the loving one does stray.
The steed is tended—the night confers—morn! Kaled speed away!
There's a shout of war, of battle host, there's a scouring over the plain.
But Zulima and Selim brave, they never shall see again.
What sound is that to baffled foes—the air does breathe along
Its venom to Abdallah's ears that brave knight's battle song
To him, in vain, your arrows flight, ye might as well pursue,
For in the distance fain he rings, his war cry, Allah, ho!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Elopement,

OR

AN ADVENTURE IN VENICE.

There is a glorious City in the Sea.
The sea is in the broad, its narrow streets
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates.—Rogers.

The steps of the "White Lion," the most celebrated Hotel in Venice, first their base in the waters of the grand canal. No spot in the sunny clime of Italy can boast of more peculiar beauty, than this "city in the sea." By moonlight the shades of her marble palaces, the ripplings of the dark gondolas, as they glide along these "streets as in a dream, so smoothly, silently," the distant song of the gondolier, are all features striking and beautiful, in this lovely scene.

"Francois! Francois!" cried young Otto Dareourt, as he stood upon his balcony, looking forth upon the night.

"Monseiur!" replied the servant.

"Get my gondola, and put in the guitar What's the hour?"

"Tis near midnight, Monseiur, was the answer.

"Tis well, make haste."

Soon the Gondola appeared, it's little pennant flying, denoting the barge of a private gentleman, "strike the pennant, I would not be known to night." So the little flag was removed, and the Gondola pushed off. "Row into the more secluded canals and pass the rear of Lambertini palace." On they glided in silence,

By many a dome
Moresque like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of some, the time had shattered thus
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run over.

While they pass along, let us take a hasty glance at Otto's history. He was the son of a wealthy English gentleman, who had sent Otto, an only child, to be educated on the continent. After a long residence in Germany of eight years, at different schools and universities, Otto commenced his travels through Europe, no restriction on his purse, no restraint upon his movements. Possessed of great capabilities by nature, he had, by hard study and close observation, matured them to their fullest extent. Every accomplishment belonging to a gentleman, he had acquired, and his naturally sanguine temperament gave him an enthusiasm and vivacity, that never ceased to interest and captivate. He had passed the winter at Rome and Naples, and was now on his way to Switzerland through the north of Italy. His figure was faultless, his manner quiet and commanding, graced by a gentle affability that won all female hearts, and endeared him to the companions of his own sex. No one was a finer hand at the social board in song, wit, or story. None could compete with him in the gay circles of society when he desired to win it, for the natural buoyancy of his temperament he was always on the alert for novelty and adventure.

He had heard it whispered by a lady, that the young Heiress of Lambertini palace was to elope that night. Waiting to assist, and desirous of learning the result of the attempt, he had ordered his gondoliers to pass her residence. The palace fronted on a canal of some note, while in the rear flowed a smaller canal, leading to the least frequented landing of St. Mark's Square. As he glided along to the rear of the palace, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sounds of music proceeding from the half opened lattice of the mansion. It was a female voice, breathing in plaintive tone to the night air, a beautiful, but rare melody. Otto seized his guitar and responded. He had now approached near the veranda from whence the music issued, and to his delight saw it was suspended from above. He seized it, snapped the thread that held it, and, hearing another gondola approaching, ordered his boatmen to ply their oars more vigorously. In a few moments he found himself in St. Mark's Square, closely followed by his servant Francois. The other gondola had kept pace with them, and a figure, wrapped in the ample folds of a black cloak, jumped from the barge, and pursued them.

The music had ceased in the square, and the crowds that lingered to listen to its sweet sounds, had sheltered, or to lounge in the coffee houses and saloons, began to disperse. Otto ordered Francois to keep his eye on the mysterious figure in the black cloak, who kept so near them, and he began to fear some design upon his person. He had certainly given many Venetians sufficient cause to seek redress, and he apprehended something of the kind in this instance.

Otto still kept the rose concealed. He had not as yet found an opportunity of examining it. On entering one of the gay saloons under the palaces that surrounds this unrivalled square, he found himself at length freed from his persecutor, and he at once sought a lonely corner where he might unmolested examine his treasured flower. Francois was despatched to hold the barge in readiness while our hero pulled forth the trophy of his night's adventure. Round the stem of the rose, closely bound with a ribbon, was a scrap of paper, which he proceeded to peruse. He had only read the words "Caro Julio," when the mysterious figure unexpectedly presented himself, and, addressing him in Italian, observed—"The rose you hold in your hand Signor, is intended for another person." Otto, somewhat surprised at this sudden intrusion, quietly restored the flower to its former place of safety, and regarded the stranger with a look of astonishment. His black cloak had fallen from his shoulders, exhibiting a commanding figure with features of face so classical, expressive, and beautiful, that our young Englishman was for a moment lost in admiration. "From the character of your face," continued the Italian, "I judge you are a stranger, and you will pardon this intrusion on my part, when I inform you, that the contents of that note you were about to read, are of the most serious importance to me. It is already passed the hour of midnight, and I may have lost a golden opportunity of securing my happiness. The rose you have in your possession would put all my doubts at rest."

The earnest manner, the feeling expressed in the deep black eye of the stranger, carried with them an irresistible conviction of truth. As Otto was about delivering up the treasure, the Italian observed, "I feel inclined to place every confidence in you, and you shall learn the story connected with this night's adventure, as soon as I have perused the few words contained in the paper you now hold in your hand."

"Your confidence will not be misplaced," said Otto, as he delivered him the communication attached to the rose. The young man took the note, and, having hastily run his eye over it, sunk back upon a seat, with a deep sigh, indicative of disappointment, if not despair. In silence he offered the note to Otto. Translated, it run thus:

"Dear Julio:—All is discovered through the treachery of my maid. Shun the palace this night, if you love me. Your life may be in danger. My father is much incensed, and keeps me at night under bolt and key. Escape is impossible! I will endeavor to find means of communicating to you by any opportunity that may offer itself.

Your own,
DONNA LUZIA."

Otto cast a glance at his friend, whose expression of despair awoke his most earnest sympathy. "What's to be done?"

"Nothing can be done," replied the stranger. "All is lost."

"Despair is never quite despair," said Otto "I may be of service to you. It is not well that we should be seen together. Breakfast with me to-morrow, at the 'White Lion,' and then I will hear your story, and we may be able to succeed in your design, notwithstanding the unhappy result of this night's attempt. I shall await your coming at twelve o'clock. In the meantime, cheer up, and remember, you have a sincere friend in Otto Dareourt. Here is my address, emplore for my apartments. Farewell—at twelve to-morrow."

"At twelve," replied the stranger. "Here is my address, and permit Count Julio D'Estechio to thank you for your kind sympathy and aid. Farewell, until to-morrow."

The strangers parted, each for his home. Count Julio in despair, thanking of the idol of his heart in her palace-prison; Otto, curious to learn the history of these two beings, with whom he had become so unexpectedly acquainted, and in whose welfare he began to feel the deepest interest.

True to his appointment, Count Julio made his appearance. His high forehead partly concealed by his luxuriant raven curls, and his jet eye, full and expressive, bore the marks of a sleepless night, and a mind overladen with doubt and anxiety.

"Signor Dareourt," he commenced, "I know not how I can thank you for your friendship, so unexpected, yet not the less welcome. It has been a beacon to my wandering thoughts during the wakeful night."

"Pardon me, Count," said Otto, "call it not friendship, until I have done you some service, wherein I can prove I am your friend. Words and promises are no evidence; thus far you have had nothing else from me. From the fact of my possessing certain accomplishments, which recommend me to society, for the amusement they afford, not from any talent or intellect I may possess; I am deemed by the world to be surrounded by friends. I assure you I have had occasion to require said demand their aid, and not one but found an excuse;—no! not one. *'He has most friends who needs none,'* is an old Persian proverb, and a true one, to the last letter. You are placed in a situation in which you require the aid of some friend. A stranger in Venice may be of more service than a person well known to be your associate. I am here, and am rejoiced that last night's adventure has given me the honor and pleasure of your acquaintance. The English are said to be cold in feeling, but you will remember, beneath this surface of ice, their hearts beat as warmly as those of sunnier climes."

"I believe it: I believe it most sincerely," said the Count.

"First let us finish our breakfast," continued Otto, "and then I shall expect the narrative you have promised me last evening."

These meal was accordingly despatched, and the Count commenced: "Count Lambertini, the father of Donna Luzia, had been the most intimate friend of my father during their collegiate life, and afterward, during all the dissipation of their riper years, and Venice then was gayer, and the life of young men wilder, than at the present day, they were as inseparable as the pillars of St. Mark's Square. There was, at that time, a famous beauty in Venice, noted for the charms of her intellect, as well as those of her person, Donna Nozella Mozaldi. Both were struck with her personal attraction, and fascinated with her wit and conversation. Count Lambertini came to my father, and confessed his passion, requesting his aid. It was a trying moment for a friend. He frankly told him how far his own feelings were enlisted, yet he would resign all claims, and aid him as far as in his power lay. And faithfully did he perform the duty, but to no purpose. Lambertini was rejected. My father then became the suitor, and was successful. From that hour their friendship ended, and gradually changed to hate on the part of Lambertini. Both my father and mother died during my infancy. The Count did not seem to cherish the hatred toward the children, which he had ever felt for the parent. I was admitted to his house, to the presence of Donna Luzia, his daughter. Heaven never shone on a being more angelic. Her smile is like a burst of sunshine, and her presence seems to soften the feelings of all who behold her, casting a halo around wherever she appears. That I lost my heart is not to be wondered at, that I won *her's*, may be so. I said, 'was accepted. Oh! if you have never loved, you cannot conceive the happiness, the delirium of joy, that awakens in the breast at the first sense of being beloved. To the lover, the first breath that fans his cheek, is transport; the music of the idol's voice, the charm of a confiding glance, ah! they make life an ecstacy of existence! I met the father, told him we needed nothing but his consent to make us happy. Wealth and title are mine, said I, and above all I possess the love of your daughter. A frown passed over the brow of the old Count, his limbs shook, his eye kindled, and I thought I could see the old hatred to my father, swelling within him. 'Never, sir Count,' said he, 'shall the blood of the Lambertini's be mingled with that of D'Estechio, while I have power to prevent it!' I felt liquid fire coursing through my veins; my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, a choking sensation impeded my respiration. I looked at his grey hairs, and rushed from his palace. We have never met since.

"Think of my sufferings, when, on yesterday week, I was informed that Donna Luzia had been betrothed by her father to Signor Lorenzo Martelli, a lawyer, of some repute and family, but one whom she can never love or esteem. Save me, Julio, she wrote, or the altar claims a corse, never Donna Luzia as the bride of Lorenzo Martelli. Last night I was to have rescued her from her father's palace. All was arranged. At midnight, the rose suspended from her lattice was to have informed me of the hour. Your response to her song induced her to believe you were the lover, that having been agreed upon as the signal between us. You received by this mistake, the sad communication which has almost driven me to despair."

He ended; and Otto, after a moment's reflection, enquired if there were no means whereby he could be presented to the lady himself. "Trust me, my dear Count," said Otto, "you shall possess her yet. Let the father be ever so watchful, we will elude his plans, and rescue the lady from her dreadful fate."

"This very evening," said the Count, "there will be a ball at Lambertini palace, in honor of this Signor Martelli. A trustworthy friend who has been a protege of the Count's, and who could not aid me in consequence of his obligations to the old man, will present you. Let him learn nothing of your object."

"Tis well," said Otto. "Introduce him, and I will accompany him. Give me some word of consolation for the lady, whereby she may learn I am your friend, and worthy of her confidence."

"Thanks! thanks, my dear Signor, I will entrust to you some communication, and shall never cease to remember your kindness with gratitude."

They parted again. Otto began to reflect upon the dangerous position in which he was about to place himself, but soon laughed at his precaution, so unusual in him, and which had so often proved unnecessary and useless. There's time enough to mourn over troubles and sorrows, thought he, when they have come upon us. To mourn before is inviting trouble, besides a waste of time. Life is too short for such contemplations.

"Francois!"

"Monsieur!" answered the servant.

"Prepare my toilette, and order the gondola, I wish to visit the galleries before dinner."

After an absence of not more than two hours he returned to his apartments, and found there the Count with Signor Calderine, awaiting his coming. The formality of an introduction having been endured, they at once entered into a familiar conversation upon topics of interest to all, such as the fine arts, the changes in Venice, and the character and beauty of Italian women compared with other nations. Two hours passed rapidly away, when Signor Calderine observed, that he should be most happy to introduce Signor Dareourt to Count Lambertini that evening. The offer was graciously accepted, and the Count with his friend took their leave.

The hour arrived, and Signor Calderine called. In a short time Otto and his companion ascended the steps of the palace, and, following some servants in old fashioned liveries, found themselves in the richly carved, and tastefully ornamented halls of Count Lambertini. The Count received the stranger with gracious welcome, and entered into a conversation upon his native country. At any other time Otto would have been happy to have answered the many questions propounded, and to have imparted any information he possessed; but at that moment his mind was too much occupied with the object of his visit, and he was very anxious to behold the famous Countess of Lambertini. Seizing an opportunity he observed, that he was most happy to be a guest on so joyous an occasion as the present, which reminded the Count he had not presented the stranger to his daughter.

"Pardon me, Signor," said the old man, "I have been remiss in not making you acquainted with the queen of the evening. This way, Signor."

Otto followed to the other end of the room, and there beheld the beautiful Donna Luzia, surrounded by all the rank and intellect of Venice. She is most beautiful, thought Otto, as he made his respectful acknowledgments for the passing smile she had bestowed upon him. The pensive expression that lurked in her eye, and played about her features, notwithstanding all her exertions to appear light hearted and gay, but added an additional charm to her beauty and grace. Otto sought in vain for an opportunity to present, unobserved, the treasure entrusted to his charge. The sounds of music at length announced the dance. Otto was accepted for the second, the first being by custom the right of her betrothed, who now approached to claim the fair hand of the lady. Signor Martelli was by no means prepossessing in the appearance, nor had his eye that candor of expression which denotes a warm heart, a keen sense of honor, and noble lineage. Mechanically did she place her hand in his, as her eye fell to the ground, as if to meet the sigh that involuntarily escaped from her lips.

"She does not love him! she shall not be doomed to be his bride!" said Otto to himself. "So beautiful, so young, so fascinating; her every motion grace; her smile a vision! no! she shall bless Count Julio, and thereon be blessed herself!"

The voice of the old Count aroused him from his reverie, and he was a second time attached with the hope of England. This was misgiven, but had to be endured. The music at length ceased, and under the excuse of an engagement with the Countess, Otto was released from his companion. "We shall be happy to see you at all times, Signor, beneath this roof," said the old Count at parting. Otto thanked him for his kindness, and hastened to Donna Luzia.

The music commenced again, and they stood alone ready to lead off the dance. "Accept this rose, fair lady, and permit a stranger to be the bearer of solace," said Otto. "You will find attached to the stem a communication from Count Julio. Do not appear startled. He confided all to me, and we must endeavor to succeed in a second attempt, the first having been so unexpectedly thwarted last night." Donna Luzia was much astonished at this disclosure; although she controlled her feelings, and kept them concealed from the observation of Martelli, yet the blood which had before deserted her cheeks now suffused itself over her re-animated countenance, kindling thatyes, as she took the rose and hid it in her bosom. The music now seemed to her more cheerful, and the little restraint that had before lingered around her movements vanished, leaving her the most beautiful and graceful object Otto had ever beheld. He kept himself from falling in love, only by the remembrance of the part he had undertaken, and found it even difficult to banish the regret at his acquaintance with Count Julio, forgetting that he owed to that alone, the pleasure he enjoyed at that moment.

"Receive my thanks, Signor," said she, with a grateful smile that went to Otto's heart. "Should you find time to favor me with a visit to-morrow at two o'clock, you shall be admitted, and I will be alone. It would not be prudent to confer farther on this matter now. To-morrow I shall await you."

This new beam of hope had produced a wonderful effect on the beauty of the Countess. The languishing look of disappointment and grief was exchanged for flashes of fire; her cheek

"Wore the gay tinge of its roses again."

and her wit fascinated all who listened, by its remarkable and unwonted brilliancy. Never did she appear so lovely, never so bewitching before.

The night was far advanced, and the halls had become comparatively deserted, before Otto could tear himself from the presence of the lady. When he returned to his home there he found Count Julio, disconsolate, awaiting the result of the interview. All was related, every thing minutely described. A tear of gratitude moistened the eye of the young lover, as he bade Otto good night. He could not speak, for his heart overflowed with new hopes, and despair began to yield to the joy this news had awakened. Otto was again alone. He sat on his balcony long after Count Julio had left. Before him in the soft and mystic moonlight, rose the marble palaces majestically out of the wave, casting their deep shadows over the silvered waters, their statues standing in bold relief against the azure sky; here and there a gondola "with noiseless steps" glided along; occasionally the sounds of distant music were borne upon the gentle breeze, then died away leaving all wrapped in solemn stillness again. Otto saw nothing, heard nothing. He beheld only the beauteous form of the fair being he had seen that night, and she alone occupied his thoughts. He heard only the lingering notes of her voice still left upon his ear.

"Monseiur, your night-toilette is ready," said Francois arousing Otto from his reverie.

"Tis well. I require nothing more to night. What's the hour, Francois?"

"Tis near three, monseiur!" said the servant retiring, and Otto, prepared for his couch, still dreaming of the charming Venetian.

At two o'clock he was again announced at Lambertini palace, and was ushered into the presence of the young Countess. She appeared more beautiful than before. Dressed without ornament; simply, yet with exquisite taste, her flowing hair caught up in graceful loops, her dark eye illuminated with hope, her olive cheek radiant with a blush, she being

"A fair too bright to bless the world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's rose."

No wonder Otto sat in silent admiration, gazing with emotions he dared not confess, even to himself, as the messenger and friend of Count Julio.

"You are punctual, Signor," she said "and I feel the more grateful, since this zeal in our cause, stranger as you are, inspires me with confidence and gratitude. This note to Count Julio, I shall entrust to your care, and should bless the remembrance of our acquaintance, if means could be found to rescue me from the dire fate that now seems unavoidable."

"I have thought on many plans," said Otto, perusing the note, "but must be made acquainted first with the localities of your palace, before any of them can be successfully matured. Pray, describe the situation of your apartments, and we may yet succeed in rescuing you from your dreaded nuptials with Martelli."

"Around the Court," she commenced "extends the quadrangular palasade. Above this is the corridor, which serves as the gallery of family portraits—the rooms opening upon it being the apartments used for entertainments, and the gallery of pictures and statuary. Above this again is the second corridor, in the farther corner of which are my apartments. From that corner a staircase leads to the lower gallery, which is again connected with the court yard by another staircase. Near the base of this opens the door upon the back canal. Since the late attempt, which was so unfortunately discovered by the treacherous maid, the key of the door opening upon the canal, as well as the keys of my suite of apartments, are taken by my father, at night, with a guard placed at each room. Below, at the other corner in front of the palace, on the same gallery with myself. Escape under these circumstances seems impossible, yet I have been buoyed up with hopes of avoiding this apparently unavoidable doom."

"It is by no means hopless, fair lady," said Otto, producing two small boxes. "In each of these," said he, "you will find a composition that will retain the impression of any stamp. If you could obtain that of the key to your own apartment, and of the door in the rear of the palace, we may yet succeed in eluding Martelli."

"Now is the time," she exclaimed, seizing the boxes, and disappearing through a private door from the apartment. Otto might have feasted on the rich specimens of art that surrounded him, but he saw them not; his mind was bent upon the fair being, whose absence had cast a gloom over the whole scene. He sat contemplating the singular situation in which he had placed himself, and the probable result of his undertaking. Donna Luzia soon returned, presented the boxes to Otto, and was about to seat herself again, when Signor Martelli was announced. She sighed as she went forward to meet him. That sigh determined Otto, at any risk, to save her. Martelli seemed little pleased at finding the stranger in converse with his betrothed. His forced smile could not conceal his jealousy, and Otto rose to depart. A glance of confiding gratitude was bestowed upon him, as he took his leave, and hastened home to bear the glad tidings to Count Julio, who was awaiting his return at the "White Lion," and to develope his plan of elopement.

"My plan is," said Otto, "to obtain two keys from those impressions, the one will enable Donna Luzia to escape from her apartment, the other we will retain to gain admittance from the back canal, and receive her at the staircase.—Should any thing occur to awake the household, I will remain to stay their interfering in your escape, while you secure the lady, and hasten to the church. This done she is yours forever."

"Bravo," exclaimed the Count, jumping up and embracing Otto. "My preserver!—my savior. Give me the impressions, and I will procure the keys. Let us lose no time. To-morrow I shall return them, they can then be tried, and the next night she will be mine!" He rushed from the apartment like a madman.

Nothing now seemed attractive in the eyes of Otto. The opera had lost its charm, and the bright eyes and graceful forms of St. Mark's square ceased to fascinate the once delighted stranger. The fair Countess had taken possession of his mind, and seemed the sole occupant, she was there! he turned; he heard her sweet voice on the noisy canals, and in the stillness of his chambers.

Martelli had been informed of the growing intimacy between Count Julio and the English stranger, and suspected Otto to be enlisted in the cause of the Count. He had spies on the watch, who knew of these frequent meetings at the "White Lion," but fortunately they did not discover the secret of the keys. Martelli had his suspicions of some plot, although he had heard nothing to convince him of the existence of a conspiracy against himself. He looked with jealous eye on Otto's visits at Lambertini palace, and had observed the difference in Donna Luzia's manner, since he first had been presented.

The next day Julio produced the keys, and the succeeding night was agreed upon for the undertaking. All was communicated in a note from the Count to his betrothed, which Otto took upon himself to deliver. The happy pair were to proceed to the private entrance of St. Mark's church, and were there to be married. A four oared barge was to be in readiness, to take them to the banks of the Brenta, where an old servant of Julio's father lived in retirecy. A few days were to be passed here, and if the old Count would not, during that time, become reconciled to the marriage, the bridal couple were then to travel through France. Thus all was arranged.

Taking the keys, Otto found himself again at Lambertini palace, and was again admitted to the presence of Donna Luiza. There was but little time for private conversation, so Otto at once delivered up the key and the letter. "On leaving," said he, "I will row around the palace, and wave a white handkerchief, if not, wave a black one. And now, fair Donna, may Heaven aid you." Martelli was again announced. His manner was cold and formal, and the jealous suspicion lurking in his eye was too manifest and perceptible to the keen glance of Otto. Notwithstanding, he met him with his usual frank, ingenuous bearing, that would have failed to rest in less jealous minds, all fears of the stranger's being in any way connected with the rival.

"Pardon me, Signor Dareourt," said the Countess, "I am about to fulfil an engagement with Signor Martelli, and the appointed hour has arrived." Otto at once took leave, and having first seen the white kerchief waving from the latice, he stopped cautiously at the back entrance of the palace, and succeeded in trying the key undiscerned. It fitted, and every thing now seemed to promise a happy result. This much having been accomplished, he hastened home again to calm the anxious fears of the lover. Count Julio had many preparations to make for his sudden departure, so he bade Otto adieu, to meet him again the next night.

How heavily wore the time away with Otto. "She will be happy," said he to himself, as he gazed on the beautiful scene at midnight; "and she will be grateful to me. I shall live in her memory, and enjoy the satisfaction of having been instrumental in restoring the peace and happiness of her mind and heart. Let that content me."

The sun had long since set, and the moon slow climbing in the East kissed the silvered waters of the Adriatic, stealing with mystic step and deepening shade along the waters of those palace-bordered streets. Otto sat anxiously awaiting Count Julio. His mind was too disturbed to enjoy the scene before him, and too agitated to feel its quiet influence. At the appointed hour of midnight the young Count appeared, trembling with agitation. The two jumped into their gondolas, and, passing along in the shade of the palaces, entered the back canal. All was silent. The signal was given, and responded to from the veranda. Just at this moment sounds of music, proceeding from the front of the palace, startled them. "Ill fated, police!" exclaimed Julio in a whisper, "what shall we do?"

"Follow me," said Otto, opening the gate and entering the court-yard. Lights were moving to and fro along the gallery, and they distinctly heard the Old Count at Donna Luzia's door.

"Come, my child," said he, "Signor Martelli has brought thee a serenade. Come to my apartments and bestow upon him some token of recognition." So saying, he unlocked her door, and passed on to his own chamber. The way was now open. Seizing a small box of jewels, the Countess hastened down the stairs, and was met by Julio at the top of the last flight. Seizing her in his arms he hastened to his gondola. During this time Martelli had left his band, to see if the sounds had awakened his affianced bride, when to his surprise he beheld the two gondolas at the rear entrance of the palace. Fearing to approach them he hastened to alarm the Count, and they were just entering the farther ends of the gallery when Luzia was in her lover's arms.

"My jewels!" she cried, as the gondola pushed off, "my jewels!" Otto rushed back to get the box which had fallen from the fair hands of the Countess, and been left on the stairs. As he was about placing it under his cloak, he felt himself suddenly seized.

"Sa, Signor Dareourt, my suspicions were not groundless! Where's the Countess, Signor? Where's the Countess?" enquired the enraged Martelli.

"Hush!" said Otto, "no disturbance, it is her maids. Fly to her chamber and satisfy yourself!" Martelli released his grasp, and in one instant Otto was in his gondola on his way to the "White Lion."

"Pack up, Francois, immediately. I leave Venice this night," said Otto, on entering his chamber. Francois, accustomed to obey without question or symptom of surprise, did as he was ordered. Nearly all had been prepared, when hurried footsteps approached the door, and a loud tap aroused Otto from his occupation. The door was opened and Signor Martelli, accompanied by a friend, entered. Apparently undaunted at this unexpected visit, Otto offered the gentlemen a seat, which was declined in a very ungracious manner, indicating at once the exasperated feelings of the visitors.

"Where, Signor Dareourt, is the Countess Lambertini?" inquired the enraged Martelli.

"Married ere this to Count Julio D'Estechio, and far beyond the precincts of Venice, and your power, Signor," replied Otto, coolly.

"Tiens, Signor, I shall look to you," continued the disappointed lover, "for the satisfaction I am deprived of demanding from Count Julio D'Estechio."

"Any satisfaction one gentleman can give another," replied Otto, "shall be freely given. I am a straight hetr, and friendless, and must therefore make arrangements with your second in person, but I pledge myself to produce a friend on the ground, who will attend to all ultimate arrangements. Let the meeting be soon, as I am obliged to leave Venice to-morrow."

"My second is here," said Martelli, abruptly leaving the room.

"Let the hour of meeting be ten o'clock to-morrow morning," said Otto, turning to the stranger, "and our weapons pistols. The spot you may select yourself. My second will arrange distances on the ground, when you meet."

"The old castle mound near the mouth of the Brenta, said the stranger, in a retired and shaded spot."

"I am satisfied," repaired Otto.

"At ten to-morrow," said the stranger, taking his leave.

"Count Julio must supply me with a friend," said Otto to himself, when left alone. "I will at once leave Venice, and pass the little time I may have left in this world, with Julio and his wife."

"All is prepared, Monsieur," said the servant

"Order my gondola to be brought to the door immediately, pay them the bill, and place the bag gage in the boat, I shall not return to Venice." Francois departed on his errand. To him the whole affair was a mystery, for his master had intended passing several weeks longer in this city. Accustomed, however, in Otto's service to all kinds of adventures, he neither exhibited by expression of countenance or word, any emotion at this sudden departure.

The grey streaks of approaching day tinged the eastern sky as Otto took his last look at the domes and spires of Venice. He reflected on the position in which he now stood, and that he was about to put his life in jeopardy for a stranger in whose affairs he had so accidentally been entangled. "The Countess will be happy," said he to himself, "and this shall be my reward." He reached the secluded spot of the old man's retirecy, and found there the Count and his wife hardly recovered from the agitation and excitement of their elopement and marriage. Without loss of time, Otto related the whole affair, and requested Julio to supply him with a friend "It must not be," said Julio, "I cannot permit you to risk your life for me. You have already done more than a brother's love could demand, and now to place your life in jeopardy for me, no! it must not be!" "I will meet Martelli myself!" Otto glanced at the heartrending expression of the Countess, and at once replied: "Believe me, Count Julio, I have determined to meet this gentleman, and shall certainly do so. Expostulation with me is vain, therefore lose no time in securing me a second." Seeing the hopelessness of persuading Otto to permit him to fight Martelli, the Count despatched a messenger to the city. "I shall require some little time to prepare for this event," continued Otto, "and would be glad to be alone." Accordingly they left him to himself.

He wrote several letters to his friends, and one to his father, together with a letter of instructions to Count Julio in case of his death. Man of the world, as he was, and having been in the field before, one might suppose he would treat the matter lightly. Not so! He was well aware of the step he was about to take, and he seriously contemplated the possible results. Religion with him was no mockery, no show of devotion, but a part of himself, and although his belief was very liberal and singular, perhaps slightly tinged with German scepticism, yet it was deep rooted and devout. Finishing his letter to his father, he wrote on a slip of paper, "I do not intend to shoot my antagonist, if he falls it will be accidental. If I fall, amen! I commend my soul to God's mercy, and my reputation to the memory of my friends. God's will be done.—Otto Dareourt."

Having sealed these papers, and addressed them to Count Julio, he made his appearance before the bridal pair, perfectly calm and unagitated. He handed the papers to the Count, and the box of jewels, rescued from the palace, to the Countess, and as he did so, his eye fell upon her miniature lying on the table.

"Is there any favor I can grant you, or do for you, my brave, my sincere friend, before you leave us?" enquired Julio.

"I ask," said Otto, "for that miniature. You possess, Count, the original, let me wear the slight resemblance portrayed in this picture, of those lovely features, and have the satisfaction, should it be my fate to fall, of dying with that near my heart." No sooner was the wish expressed than the Countess rose, and with her own hand placed it about his neck.

The hour for departure had arrived. No friend appeared. Otto grew anxious, and was about to leave without one, when a gondola, coming at a most rapid rate, a hand waving from the cabin, announced the long expected second. Without any delay they departed. Francois and a surgeon accompanied them; not a word was said, save a few instructions from Otto relating to the duel. Francois looked once at his master, then turned his head away to hide his emotion. They reached the spot. After a few moments consequence, the seconds marked off ten paces, presented their principals with pistols, and informed them that Otto's second would give the word. "Are you ready gentlemen?" both replied in the affirmative. "Fire! one——two——three——off went Marseilles's pistol, the ball whizzing harmlessly passed Otto's ear, who discharged his pistol in the air. A second shot was demanded, and of course granted by Otto. Again they took their respective positions. The word was again given——one——two——three——off went both pistols. Otto dropped his weapon, and placing his hand on his right breast, said to his second, "he has shot me through the body." Marselli was writhing in agony, having had his right elbow shattered. The surgeon hastened to examine Otto's wound, when they found the miniature, which had been pulled to cover his right breast in the adjustment of his cravat, had received the shock of the ball, and glanced it off. The miniature was shattered but it had saved his life. Otto immediately left the ground, and was received with tears of joy by the young Count and his bride. The details of the duel were faithfully related and the broken miniature displayed, which Otto ever after regarded as his talisman. Another lock of hair was added to the dilapidated remains, by the Countess, who now prepared to bid Otto adieu. He left for Switzerland that very day.

Long—long did the memory of the beautiful Venetian haunt his dreams by day, and by night.

* * * *

To the Mocking Bird.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the gloom
Of the deep wilderness, and all the clear
Bright powers of the song enthralls me, too.
And down the heart I feel the spirit's bonds
Of a nation's nations rolls thy music tide.
No night from history's starless page shunnes
The memory of those nations. They have died
Some ere a few hundred years—and then ancient song
Perhaps ever more, as now in the King-bird sing
Over their broken lay whom none more heard.
Thou mirror of all ages! Thou dost keep
The world's history and never ceasing die.
Where one from others' woes exults or sorrows,
Where the old nights the young future gets and grieves,
Where misery groans the nations's heart within
And there doth flee into the lonely forest
Where with thy wild notes it meets them and with
Their heart to harmony—in air subsides.
Upon the wandering melody—the where,
Amid the sweet resonance of the air
Is none so dear as thine to those who inhabit?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Cuban stream
Is now floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—
A mellowed note gently, like a rain
Of golden music under evening trees.
Then a tinging lake. It stops the soul
Goes as a gem in stupid which would it tell
Then waves of broken flame—all by become
A wide very excess of deep pleasure. Some
And pant, like a child rather clinging to her soul.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee.
Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades
Alone with nature—but it may not be.
I have to struggle with the tossing sea
Of human life, upon its restless tides
Into Death's darkness. There will long and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow eloquent glades
While mingles of nature's earth a conscious one
The brilliance of the heart—but I must wear
As now, my garments of the dust and care
As go amidst of my fellows, sad with woe.

Let who complain? What though God keeps debtor I
Have not the Lord's green paths with gloom
Shut, for a rich matter is not all withheld
There is a voice whether thou listen, sweet bird!
To welcome me which not humble home
There is an eye with Love's devotion bright
The darkness of existence to dispose!
Then who complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
Beneath the trees—and from the morning heart
Over them thy song shall pour, like a rich flood of light.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. X.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

STRUCK WITH LIGHTNING.

"Above, about, all, all alone
Alone on a wide, wide sea."—*Coleridge.*

For more than hour we drove before the gale like a sea-gull skimming along the surface of the waves. Scarcely seeming to touch the waters, enveloped in clouds of flying spray, we swept on as if impelled by some supernatural power, now rolling our yard arms to the ocean, and now swinging them gracefully upward, as if curtseying to the deep. Though not a rag of canvass was abroad, we flew along with the velocity of a meteor, rivalling in speed the showers of spray that swept far away before us with the hurricane.—The schooner dropped rapidly astern, and though for some time she was still discernible,—long before the second bell had struck, the dim outline of her tracery was lost amid the misty veil that hung upon the southern seaboard.

How often has the attempt been made to describe a hurricane at sea!—how often has the pen failed to picture its terrible sublimity! The scowling heaven; the wild, tumultuous deep; the awful roaring of the wind; and the no less fearful moaning of the sea beneath, can never be adequately understood, unless by those who have once beheld them. But if a tempest alone is so terrific, how much more so does it become, when night adds its horrors to the scene, and the impenetrable darkness around is only relieved by the blaze of the lightning, or the lurid radiance of the heavens to windward. At such times the grandeur of the scene rivals all description. The mind even becomes momentarily regardless of the dangers that surround it; a crowd of high and lofty feelings throng the bosom; we seem to rise above ourselves; and swelling with grander, more exalted emotions, we take part in the elemental war, and mingle amid the strife of nature.

During the first moments of breathlessness which followed our separation from the schooner, I remained standing on the larboard quarter, gazing mechanically on her receding form. The aspect of the scene had but little changed from that of the first moment when I noticed the approaching squall. Far up to windward the lurid streak of light was still visibly defined; but now stretching half way round the horizon, and rapidly extending itself upward to the zenith. The sea was still levelled like a plain beneath the power of the squall, and a thick veil of driving spray covered the surface as far as the eye could reach.—Over all a lurid brightness was flung, giving the faces of the men a ghastly, spectral tint, until they seemed to glide along, like inhabitants of the tomb. The wind screamed; the spray dashed; the sea muttered its forebodings; and the roar of the hurricane as it thundered down to leeward was terrific beyond description. But though it seemed momentarily as if nature, no longer able to endure the struggle, was about to give up in despair, we still swept on unharmed before the gale, driving at a rate that in a few days would have carried us to the equator.

Nor was our situation in other respects less dangerous. We had remained victors of the decks, and could we have continued in company with our consort, would have had little difficulty in completing our equipment; but the crew of the merchantman now far exceeded my scanty complement, and should they discover our weakness, would soon change our relative positions. The hatches, however,

every exertion to save our lives. Can I trust to your co-operation?"

"You may," said he, frankly grasping my offered hand, "but," he continued in a low voice, "it is a fearful chance."

"God knows if a soul shall survive it!" I answered solemnly.

For nearly an hour every thing that ingenuity could devise, or courage effect was done to arrest the progress of the flames. My own crew and that of the conquered vessel worked together with the alacrity which mutual danger always inspires, the hatches were closed, the deck made air tight, a hole cut through the planks for a hose, and a stream of water forced constantly down upon the fire. But all was in vain. The flames increased with frightful rapidity, streams of smoke began to burst through the sides, and the deck forward of the main-mast became so hot as to be insupportable. The men at length ceased their exertions, and stood sullenly gazing at the progress of the fire.

Meanwhile the storm, though still violent, was rapidly abating; but as the wind decreased, the swell became more tumultuous, until we were rolling frightfully, and driving helplessly before the gale. A party had been engaged in clearing out the boats, and stocking them with provisions, in case of the emergency which had now arrived; and Captain Henley had just come to my side, suggesting an immediate resort to them, as all hope of saving the ship was now lost, when a loud voice forward shouted,

"Take ing game—the flames are within a foot of the magazine."

If the knell of the last day had rung in their ears the effect could not have been more electric upon the men. Without pausing to reflect that no one could have ascertained the fact without having been in the hold, and that for more than an hour the hatches had been fastened down, the crowd rushed tumultuously to the quarters, and though a few of the older seamen endeavored to arrest the excitement, the fears of the rest having now obtained the ascendancy, nothing could stay the flight of the crew. In vain I threw myself before my own men; in vain Captain Henley exhorted his followers to pause—the silence of the last five minutes had filled each mind with vague fears, and the dread of an explosion now carried away every thing before it. Confusion, discipline, reason, were all whirled away before the tempest. Dashing aside their leader, the cowardly wretches crowded to the boats, filled them instantaneously, and cut the tackle by which they were suspended. The effect was such as we had foreseen. One of the boats was swamped within a second after her occupants had left the deck, and another had scarcely dropped a fathom astern before she met the same fate. It was an awful spectacle. A few shrieks; a few wild oaths; a few struggles in the water, and all was over. The black outline of the bargue were seen a moment as they floated bottom upward, and then all vanished together into the darkness astern.

A moment had scarcely elapsed since the first alarm before the catastrophe was closed. The cry—the shriek—the launch—the awful end of the misguided men had passed like a dream; their wild shrieks had died upon the air, the obscurity had closed around them, and we were alone. Alone, on a burning wreck, destitute of boats, and momentarily expecting the magazine to explode. Accustomed as I was to danger the blood curdled back to my heart, and I felt for a moment as if it was only left for us to die.

"The Lord have mercy on their souls," ejaculated the deep voice of the British captain at my side, as he drew a long breath, and turned away from the sight.

"Amen," was my fervent answer.

For a minute not a word was spoken. Each one felt the horror of our approaching end, and a breathless silence pervaded the little group that had remained faithful to their officers. And they were indeed few. Besides old Taffrail, who through all had stood firmly at the helm, there was only one other of my crew, and two or three gray-haired British seamen.

"Captain Henley," said I, at length, "we have but one hope, and the sooner we resort to it the better. Let us form a raft."

"It is almost useless," said he, shaking his head despondingly, "the sea is so high that we shall have the spars shaken to pieces under us. But still it is worth a trial."

All attempts to stay the fury of the conflagration were now given up, and our whole attention turned to the formation of a raft. Spars were hastily selected, lashed together, and the whole crossed with other spars and lashings. We worked with such activity that before an hour had elapsed, we had succeeded in making at least a partial protection for ourselves from the violence of the waves.

At much hazard to himself Captain Henley had ventured so far forward as to be enabled to see that the flames were raging down in the hold in a direction which, for the present, removed all danger from the magazine; and re-assured by the discovery, we resolved to continue on board the ship until morning should break, or the gale subside. We had, however, collected our few provisions, and a small keg said on the lee quarter, in order to be ready to embark, if necessary, at a moment's warning.

The gale was now rapidly subsiding; but the sea still ran mountain high. The wind had fallen to a stiff breeze, and the clouds were breaking rapidly overhead. The wreck meanwhile drifted like a log before the gale, now rolling her gunwales under, and rocking uneasily on the long, tremendous swell. The whole forward part of the devoted ship was now a sheet of fire, and as her lofty spars became heated, they went off with a report like thunder; while amid the flames roared through the port-holes, streamed up her sides, and sent their fiery tongues hissing on high. At times a puff of wind would whirl them rolling around, or showers of sparks would be borne far down to leeward. As the conflagration heightened the scene became sublime. The flames licking round the mast, the frowning sky above, the agitated sea around, and the lurid radiance flung upon the prospect presented a picture which no pen can adequately describe. Every thing was tinged with a ruddy hue. The edges of the clouds alone, and the curling caps of the billows below seemed to emit fire in the gloom. The heat too became intense. Already the timbers began to crack, and the roar of the flames in the hold to deepen, when an exclamation from the old quarter-master called every eye to a new danger.

So deeply had we been occupied in the violence of the storm, and subsequently in watching the progress of the conflagration, that we had overlooked a danger not less prominent and speedy. The injuries received in the hull during the fight, and the thumping of the mainmast against the sides as it dragged along the quarter, had opened them to such a degree that we had been gradually filling, and having now sunk some feet unobserved, had attained a point where the injuries let in the waters in a perfect torrent. The rushing sound as they broke through the bulk-head, followed by the simmering of the flames below, and a jet of steam that leapt up the hatchway as if it had burst from a boiler, warned us of the new danger only in time to save our lives. Instantly comprehending our situation at a glance, old Taffrail had barely time to shout,

"To the raft—to the raft."

Before the ship began to plunge and heave like a frightened steed; while the conflict of the two elements in the hold threatened every instant to send us into atoms by an agency equally formidable with gunpowder. We needed no second call. Before a minute had elapsed we had sought refuge on the raft; and in less than I have described it we were drifting a fathom or two astern of the wreck. Every exertion was made to increase our distance, nor did we cease till a cable's length intervened between us and the burning ship.

It was well we had taken warning when we did; for scarcely had we got out of reach of danger before the wreck rolled, heaved, gave a lurch, and lifting her stern up until it was almost perpendicular, shot down, like an arrow, into the fathomless abyss. The suction was so violent that even at our distance the frail raft trembled as if it would fall to pieces. A whirlpool, for a moment, marked the spot where the ship had disappeared; the sea boiled around it as if in a cauldron; and then the commotion died away, the swell heaved on as before and we floated alone, the only living beings within the apparently illimitable horizon.

Long, dark, and weary were the hours of that almost endless night. Borne onward at the mercy of the sea, now rising up toward the sky, and then shooting down into the abyss, we passed hour after hour, in momentary expectation of death. The wash of the waves, and the jerk of the swell was almost resistless; and had we not lashed ourselves to the raft we should have soon sunk to a watery grave. But we cheered each other with the hope of a speedy rescue, and spent the weary hours in looking for the morning dawn.

At last the daylight broke, but it brought us no relief. Far as the eye could range, a sea of billows rolled around us, tossing aloft their crests of foam, as if exulting in the conflict with each other. Not a sail appeared upon the whole vast surface to glad our longing eyes. The clouds flew through the heavens before the subsiding storm; the sunlight played merrily upon the broken crests of the swell; and the wind had a freshness in it which would at other times have been delicious; but all this brought no pleasure to our dispirited hearts. With a look of disappointment we turned from our long, anxious gaze around, and looked silently into each other's faces as if to read there our doom.

The raft was, as I have said, formed of spars, lashed cross-wise together; and the weight of the timbers, together with that of ourselves, sunk it partially under water. Every surge therefore broke over it, deluging us with showers of cold, chilling spray. As I turned to address old Taffrail, who was clinging to a spar beside me, a gigantic billow made a breach completely over us, and we rose dripping from the immersion.

"This is only a sailor's lot, Mr. Danforth," said the old water-rat, his gray hair glistening with brine, as he dashed the salt spray from his eyes with a brawny hand, "and many a poor fellow has lived for weeks without half such a support as this, clinging to a broken spar, or mayhap a hen-coop, or some other matter of a raft like."

"Yes,—bad as it may seem," said Captain Henley, "it's not altogether hopeless. The gale is nearly down, and—I own against my opinion—our raft is almost as tight as ever. True—our provisions are worthless, but many a one has lived days without eating or drinking; and in this latitude we cannot fail to fall in with some sail or other before another sunset. What do you think, Mr. Danforth?"

"I judge we are off the stream," said I, "at least from our latitude yesterday, and the run we must have made southward in the gale, we cannot be far from its edge, and right in the track of the homeward bound fleet from the West Indies to Great Britain."

"You are right," said the English captain, musing awhile, "it is our only hope."

"Can't we drift upon the coast if the wind holds here a day or two more?" said the young, out of the men,—for misfortune had made us all comrades of each other, without distinction as to rank.

"No,—I fear not," said Captain Henley slowly, and as if reluctant to crush the poor fellow's hopes—he was almost a boy in years,—"we are hundreds of miles from land, and this current is setting us away from it every minute we live. Our only hope is in some chance sail."

The youth turned heavily away as if to look once more across the sea,—but it was only to brush off unseen the tears that gathered thick and fast in his young eyes. Poor fellow!—he was thinking perhaps of his happy cottage home, in some quiet valley of his native state, which he should never—alas!—look upon again. There, where his mother had lulled him in infancy to sleep—there, where in thoughtless boyhood he had played—there, where he had wandered with some innocent girl, beside the little old mill stream, and talked of the time when he should return rich enough to claim her as his bride. Bright, beautiful dreams of youth—how had they all vanished now! Little did that loved one think that her distant sailor boy was tossing, helpless and hopelessly, upon the angry sea.

Meanwhile the day wore on. Higher and higher rose the sun into the heavens,—brighter and gayer played his beams around us,—the very curl of the foam that ran along the crests of the swell seemed to become more beautiful,—and the low, mysterious voice of the wind, sighing across the illimitable horizon, had in it a music that, a day before, would have woke a chord in every bosom. But it brought no consolation to men like us, whose lives hung, as it were, upon the merest chance. Hour after hour we gazed eagerly around us, in hopes to catch a glimpse of some passing sail,—and hour after hour elapsed, yet no living thing was seen on the horizon. The thirst, meantime, became intolerable, as the sun approached the zenith. Weary, disputed, almost without hope, we yet clung to our fragile raft with all the tenacity of life.

Noon at last came—hot, scorching, insupportable. The poor boy looked wan and faint, and it required our utmost efforts to cheer him. Even one or two of the older seamen shrewd, by their looks, that hope was gradually giving way in their bosoms,—and the eager glances which the British officer and Taffrail cast around them, betrayed their fears, that night would arrive without our being rescued. As for myself I felt as I had never felt before,—and yet there was a salient spring in me which forbid me to despond. Determined to maintain hope until the last moment, I clambered with difficulty higher on the raft, and finally gained a position on a broken cross-tree. I had scarcely cast my first glances over the horizon, when I fancied I beheld a sail far up to windward. A thrill of joy gushed through my bosom. I strained my eyes—was it a dash of spray, or was it a friendly vessel? All at once it disappeared, and my heart grew sick with disappointment. Again it flashed in the distance—nearer, larger, and brighter it grew. It was no longer doubtful, and with a wild shout, I waved my arm, and called out to my companions.

"A sail—a sail!"

"A sail—good God, is it really one?" gasped the youth, lifting his drooping head up, with an expression of intense interest.

"A sail—where—whereaway?" eagerly answered the others.

"Off here to windward—just under the feathery cloud."

"I can't see it," said the British officer, "surely you have not allowed yourself to be deceived."

"No—I am higher than you—here it is just in a line with that breaking wave."

"I see it," shouted Taffrail, as the raft rose upon a surge, "and it's coming down toward us."

"I see it—I see it—" echoed back the men excitedly—"hurra!"

The fainting young fore-top-man, lifted himself eagerly up, caught a sight of the distant sail, and joining in the shout uttered a tremulous hurra as he fell back well nigh exhausted. Poor fellow! the agony of his situation had been too much for his youthful frame, and his wild eye and burning cheek evidenced that he was already in a high fever.

For the next half hour no words can describe the tumult of passions that alternated in our bosoms, as the course of the approaching sail varied from, or adhered to, the direct line toward us. At first she seemed bearing down directly upon us, and hope once more mounted high in our bosoms; but as she drew nearer it became evident that her course was gradually diverging in another direction, and after an agonizing suspense of more than fifteen minutes, we saw that she would pass more than a mile to windward. How should we make known our situation?—would her look-out detect us amid the foam around? Alas! our late bounding hopes grew weaker and weaker as we thought.

She was still, however, far distant when I made her out to be a schooner, and in less than five minutes afterward recognised in her The Swan. Every rope was taut, every sail was set, not a span seemed to have suffered in the gale; and now as she came bowling along before the breeze, she looked more like a thing of magic than of human ingenuity. The consciousness of the presence of my beloved ship, made every pulse beat high—how deep then was my anguish when I beheld her passing so far to windward!

It was no time, however, for useless regrets. The schooner was rapidly approaching the position where she would begin to recede from us, and whatever struggle was to be made for life must be made instantaneously.

In spite of our exertions, the violence of the swell, the night before, had carried away our lug sail, and we had nothing which we could raise as a signal. In this emergency I sprang upon the cross-trees, holding on to the spar with one hand, while I waved my handkerchief on high with the other.

"Ahoy!—aho—y—ah—o—o—y!" I shouted.

The cry rung out across the deep, shot up to leeward a moment, and then floated back, and died away to leeward with the moaning of the surge.

"Ah—o—o—y—ahoy!" again I roared.

There was an echo ahead, a shrill piping of the wind, and all again was still.

"Let us try it together—men shouting for life, surely must be heard," said the British officer, and motioning us to follow him, we peaked forth a cry that seemed to penetrate the very vaults of heaven, ringing out sharp and distinct over the boundless horizon. For a moment it seemed too as if it had succeeded. The schooner made a graceful turn to leeward, heading in a line directly toward us; while several look-outs sprang into her rigging and cast their eyes over the broad expanse around them. Again and again we strained our voices to the utmost, but the gale seeming suddenly to increase, drowned our loudest cries. After a few minutes deviation the schooner returned again to her course, and though her look-outs still remained doubled, we felt that our chances were rapidly lessening. One more effort we determined upon making, and waiting for a momentary lull, we pealed forth a shout that might even have aroused the dead. But it was in vain. Not a sign upon the fast receding ship betokened their consciousness of our presence; and with looks of despair we ceased our efforts simultaneously and gazed wistfully upon the distant vessel. One only uttering a word. It was the young fore-top-man, and never shall I forget his half cry, half groan; it was so utterly—so fearfully heart-breaking.

For more than half an hour we gazed spell-bound on the schooner, as she vanished in the distance. One by one her ports dipped, re-appeared, and were lost,—her chains, her bulwarks, her netting, and her booms followed,—and long before three o'clock, she was hull down on the horizon and our last hope was gone.

Still we strained our eyes after her, hoping faintly that she might return. No word was spoken—but we read the illusion in each other's faces. Even in that hour of seeming despair, we continued to cherish the idea, that she might yet return; and often as she grew fainter in the distance, did we imagine the curl of a billow on the horizon to be the mainsail once more close-hauled. But a moment's scrutiny dissipated our dreams only, however, to return again with renewed power. Long and ardently we thus watched her receding figure, until gradually she grew dim and shadowy in the distance.

At last her mainsail dipped, and only her top-sails were seen above the waters. These too before twilight disappeared; and when the sun set behind us, not a single object broke the vast monotony of the horizon. Night at length came down upon the water, yet we were still at the mercy of the waves.

Darker and darker grew the clouds around—chillier and more chill swept the winds along, while the crests of billows heaving sullenly out of the shadow, glistened in the fast deepening obscurity. But though, long after the darkness had surrounded us, we continued to listen eagerly for some signal of approaching succor, yet minute after minute, hour after hour elapsed, and still nothing met our ears but the wash of the waters, and the occasional moan of the wind. God only knew who might live to behold another day!

From Florida.

From the Charleston Patriot, May 8

By the Steamer Southerner, Capt Rollins, arrived this forenoon, we have received the Savannah Republican of yesterday, and a slip from the Office of the Savannah Georgian, from which we copy the following:

St. Augustine, May 1.

Capt Holmes, at some place west of St. Johns River, struck a trail, and after following it up some distance, and not finding the Indians, suspected the Indians might be following him; he accordingly laid four men in ambush, and proceeded on with the rest of his company; shortly afterward, two Indians came up, and were fired on by the men in concealment—killed one and so badly wounded the other, that he was taken.

We did not learn the date of the occurrence, though it happened very recently.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

Fort Lauderdale, F. F, April 24,

A most provoking and unexpected incident occurred about half a mile from this post to-day.

The water in New River becoming rather brackish at times, opposite the post, it has been necessary to ascend the river a short distance in order to procure fresh. Whilst a party of five men were performing the duty, in a small boat, they were fired upon by some Indians who were concealed in a mangrove scrub, the marshy and inundated nature of which, has always induced the belief that no human being would ever undertake to enter it. Three of the men were wounded, the other two escaped unhurt. Sergt. Holten, a man whose exemplary bearing as a soldier, has always enlisted the most exalted approbation of all under whom he ever served, is thought to be mortally wounded, two balls having penetrated his body near the liver. The Indians were not seen by any of the soldiers, but from the number of balls which took effect, there must have been at least half a dozen.

A party of fifteen or twenty men, under Capt. Davidson, who commanded this post, reacted with the utmost promptness to the scrub in which they were concealed, but were unable with all the unbounded zeal which such a deed could inspire, to overtake the sly and murderous rascals they having yelled and retreated as soon as their bloody design was accomplished.

From Florida.—Extract of a letter, from Florida, dated May 1st:

"The Indians on the coast are numerous—their fires are seen every where. They attacked five men from Fort Lauderdale, while they were procuring water, and shot three of them—one mortally.

The Indians appear to be in parties over the country, determined on mischief. It is supposed General Taylor will shortly leave, when Gen. Armistead will take command, who is presiding at a court martial, now sitting at St. Augustine. On 31st ult. some men (while on parade) of the 4d Dragoons, stationed at Pilatka, mutinied, and attempted the life of Lieut. Merrill, who was in command. Lieut. Merrill, cut one of the ringleaders severely in the face, and by the aid of Dr. Hutchinson, kept them at bay for a short time; but there is no doubt, had not Capt. Lanton's company arrived just at the moment, they would have taken the lives of both officers. Lanton's company arrived to go in the interior. Major Ashby, the commanding officer, was at St. Augustine."

Flour.—5000 barrels of Genesee flour appear ed in the New York market on Monday, and sold at $4,94 a $5.

Saturday Evening Post.

Edited and published by
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1840.

☞ This Paper, under its present editorial and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the *family perusal*. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the blush to the cheek of innocence, or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought.—With this view, it will ever be firmly, and studiously, Opposed to Theatres, as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—as creative of exhibitions demoralising in tendency, and fearfully pernicious, in fact.

Congress—Its Elements.

The spectacle presented by the American Congress, during the whole of the protracted session which is not yet drawn to a close, has been one painful to every patriot, and disgraceful to us as a nation. Instead of advancing the interests of their constituents the whole body of members has been engaged in factious squabbles, and contemptible manœuvres to advance their own selfish purposes. The greatest public necessities and the most urgent private claims, have alike been put aside in order that our representatives might have a fair field for their game of power. Nothing, in fact, of interest has yet been done, though six months have elapsed since the opening of the session. Why is this? Why is the American Congress so utterly fallen? We answer—the cause of all these evils are the elements of which it is composed.

We have said on former occasions, and we repeat it now, that with either of the two great political parties we have nothing to do,—but as far as our observation has extended, we have seen in both the same professions out of place, and the same shameless breaches of them in it. However honest the great mass of the people may be, their leaders are little more than adventurers, living upon a certain set of principles just as a man would live upon a trade. When out of power their sole object is to get in; when in power their only aim is to make as much as possible out of the job. In one word they are little better than knaves—men who adopt a creed as one would adopt a fashion—hypocrites out of office, and scoundrels when in.

We know that this is strong language, but we appeal to facts to bear us out. Who are the great body of the politicians that now infest the land—and how many of them began life in the party which they now support?

The history of half our political adventurers in Congress, is a history of constant changing, treachery, and tergiversation. No matter to what faction they now belong, every other man of them, at one time or another, has figured in the ranks of the party which he now opposes. What a pitiful assembly! Here a Whig whitewashed into a Democrat—there an old Democrat, passing as a Whig—here a partizan of Crawford turned into a friend of Harrison, there a traitor to the cause of Adams, buzzing for Calhoun—federalists, and democrats, Clayites, Websterites, Bentonites, and the whole family of ites, rorting, stamping, electioneering, and denouncing, crying down treachery, until they are hoarse, and yet themselves such arrant traitors to every party, that they only escape political proscription, because there is not a man among them to cast the first stone. Such is the American Congress.—Let any one who doubts us, survey the picture of the present session. That there are patriots among them we do not pretend to deny, and to their participation in the National Councils, we owe what little has been done; but the great body of our representatives at Washington, judging them from their conduct for the last six months, are either knaves or fools, and perhaps a little of both.

Such was not always the case. The time was when honorable men, wise legislators, worthy citizens, and men of tried patriotism, not only sat in, but formed the mass of our national representation. In that day, however much political discussions might distract the people,—the business of the nation was carried on with some show of interest at least,—and if the Congress was too evenly balanced to legislate, they had the decorum to adjourn, and not month after month squander the people's money in pay for its members. But times have changed. Wrangling, bullying, and detraction have usurped the place of legitimate discussion, and the halls of legislation, of the greatest republic in the world, have been degraded into an arena for factious harangues, and even combats between bullies. The same rapacity for office, the same recklessness as to means, characterise the aspirants of both parties in this infamous struggle. Even honorable contests is no more, and the basest arts are used to win success. Every man shifts his ground as fast as his interest prompts him. Shuffling and trickery are the virtues of the day. The cutting remark of Bolingbroke upon Lord Oxford may be applied with truth to the whole race of these truckling sycophants,—they wriggle themselves into office wherever they can, and if any thing is to be got by it, they can always find a way to wriggle themselves out again.

What can be expected when the Congress of the nation is composed of materials like these? What is a better proof that it is composed of such materials, than the wasted time, and infamous scenes of the present session? But we have not yet come to such a pass that there is no remedy against the evil. We are not yet bound hand and foot, and delivered over to the knife of the slayer. The remedy—thank God!—is yet in our hands. Let us rise up in holy indignation, and purge the councils of the nation of such men—men, who are a disgrace to a republic, who are more, who are its secret foe.

The choice of representatives in Congress, is one of the dearest rights of a freeman. Of late years, however, we have seemed to have forgotten its value, and treated it as an office fit only for the ignorant or vicious. It has consequently fallen into hands such as we deplore, and the representatives of a former day, are rarely sent to Washington, or only sent there to return in disgust. To this cause may be attributed, half of the evils we deplore. How is it to be remedied? Again we answer—reform the representation.—Choose a higher standard at once for candidates, frown down every demagogue or other rascal, and proclaim that like our fathers, we will be represented only by gentlemen, and patriots.

We make these remarks the more boldly because as a neutral print our impartiality can not be impeached; and we feel a crime is approaching, when the representation of the great people shall either fall into the hands of scoundrels, or a higher standard of excellence, be demanded in a candidate than is required now. If the latter is adopted all the present evils of our legislation will rapidly disappear! If the former, waste of time, factious bickerings, and scandalous fights will disgrace our halls, until anarchy shall step in to right the tumult, and a people, too corrupt to be free, become slaves as they deserve.

Artists' Fund Exhibition.

This exhibition continues to attract large numbers of our citizens, and is especially the favorite of the ladies. It is difficult, indeed, for one to say, whether there is more loveliness in the looks, or in the bright imaginings upon the walls, a visit to the hall is a luxury to a lover of the beautiful.

We had intended to have mentioned some of the finest pieces at length, but we find that we have neither space, nor leisure. When we have visited the exhibition again, we can perhaps speak with more freedom. We cannot however, omit remarking that the portrait of Dr. Bethune, by Rembrandt Peale, although unfinished, is one of the noblest efforts of the pencil in the hall.

Forgeries by Checks.—A Bank in N. Orleans has been cheated by means of forged checks to the amount of $18000. Two men have been arrested as the culprits.

Smithsonian Bequest.

The Smithsonian Bequest is an instance of rare liberality. A bequest of $400,000, to a foreign country bestowed without any of those restrictions by which those who make public donations are wont to tie up the hands of the recipients of their bounty, and often in a great measure to defeat their own purposes—a donation made solely on condition that it be applied to "the diffusion of knowledge," leaving all the details of its management to those who most of necessity be the best able to judge concerning them, indicates a mind highly enlightened, and a heart glowing with the noblest philanthropy.

It appears by the recent address of John Quincy Adams, delivered before the Society of Apprentices in Boston, that the funds in question having been paid into the treasury by our agent, Mr. Rush, were invested in Arkansas Stock, not without the earnest opposition of the venerable ex-President.

Our Legislature.

The Legislature had not yet, according to the last mail from Harrisburg, transacted any thing of importance. They convened on Tuesday, but adjourned over until Wednesday for want of a quorum. A sufficient number, however, for the transaction of business, arrived during the day, but in consequence of the death of Mr. Chandler, of Susquehanna, and that of Mr. Swayne of Chester, an adjournment again took place until Thursday.

Resignation.

J Schott, Esq. has resigned his office of director and president of the Girard Bank in this city.—The board of directors, in accepting the resignation, have passed a resolution highly complimentary to their late President.

Pulpit Oratory.

Rev. Mr. Newton.

The style of oratory in use among a people is a sure evidence of their advance in civilization. In the earlier stages of society bold metaphores and glowing language are the characteristics of eloquence, and like the Indian of our forests or the Arab of the desert the audience is moved only by the most impassioned appeals; but when nations become older, when men began to think more and feel less, and when taste assumes the sceptre and dictates laws, then it is that a more refined, and logical, but perhaps a less effective oratory springs up. This rule, however, is modified more or less by the peculiar character of the people. Different nations, in the same stage of civilization, may have different schools of eloquence. The astute Greek and the pompous Roman were not more separate from each other in character, than was the close, rapid, sellement oratory of Demosthenes from the flowing but beautiful declamation of Cicero.

We know not whether the Rev. Mr. Newton may be taken as a fair representative of the peculiar style of eloquence most popular in England; but if he may, we do not hesitate to assign to her, what she has long claimed for herself, the character of the most civilised nation on the globe. He reminds us of what has come down to the moderns of the speeches of Demosthenes, wanting, it is true, much of his polish, his fire, his impetuosity, but resembling him in most of the leading characteristics of style. If any thing, however, he is more argumentative. But a few words on the appearance, and elocution of Mr. Newton, before we pass to the discussion of his style.

The Rev. Mr. Newton is no bad representative of his nation so far as air and figure are concerned. Tall,—with a well knit frame, a short neck, broad shoulders, a fair countenance, and a large and massy head, no one could pass him in a crowd without being convinced of his English paternity. We mean no disrespect, but rather a compliment to him, when we say he is the very impersonation of John Bull. His mien is erect, and in the pulpit, noble. He has none of that "demonia vultus" of which Sallust speaks, and which disgraces too many of our orators, but he glances boldly and fearlessly around upon his hearers, like a man conscious of his superiority, and determined to assert it.

The elocution of the reverend divine is, for some moments after opening his exordium, peculiarly plain. He does not appear as yet to be at home in his theme, and though he cannot be said to labor, he does not dazzle. Nothing, however, can prevent his listeners from admiring the richness of a voice, whose every word is music, and whose lower tones especially we have never heard surpassed. Its compass is almost unequalled. Now ringing out clear and silvery—now mellowed into the softest music—and now sinking into a deep, rolling, sonorous bass it fits itself in every variety of feeling the speaker may wish to arouse. That it is sometimes shrill, and often grating is only a proof, like the occasional drawling of the orator, that perfection is attainable rarely, and perhaps never.

When, however, the speaker advances further into his discourse, and begins to grow excited with his theme, all that formerly pleased or disappointed us in his elocution is forgotten in admiration at the masterly style in which he begins to develope his subject. With a mind keen and penetrating—a capability of detecting the strong points of the argument at once—a power of generalisation rarely excelled—a flow of words at once copious, choice, and nervous—a faculty of dilating on an argument at length and then condensing all into one compact sentence—and a fervid rapid style of speaking, affecting no ornament, but striking home at once to the reason, and though sometimes tinged with declamation, taking its general hue from logic, he exerts a power over the minds of his audience which neither a more glowing fancy, a finer elocution, or a more brilliant style could exert. He is in fact of the school of Fox rather than of that of Burke, and disdaining all needless ornament, is simple even to severity. Not a simile, not a metaphor, not a picturesque description, not a poetical thought of any kind whatever is found in the whole range of his general discourses. He seems to have but one aim in view, to convince his audience on that he fixes his eye, to it he addresses every nerve, and like the ancient Greek in the race, he casts off every thing that will impede his progress, regardless of all if he can only win the goal. Sometimes coarse, and often careless, but always nervous, rapid, and logical, he drags his audience along with him by main force, as if he disdained more gentle means. However much, at first, we may question his argument he never leaves it until he has fastened conviction upon us, seeming to play around the subject for a while, but at last flashing the truth upon us in a single lightning-like sentence.

The gestures of the reverend divine in his moments of excitement, are—in the canting language of the day—somewhat theatrical. They are often violent in the extreme, and consequently neither graceful nor effective. But this is a rare occurrence, and it is better to err on the side of too much vehemence, than on that of too little. Though Fox framed at times in the British parliament, and Pitt never exceeded his measured tone and gesture, the world, whatever it may think of them as statesmen, has never been at a loss to say which was the greater orator.

We have already extended this sketch farther than we had intended or our limits will justly allow. But we cannot dismiss the subject without expressing our pleasure with the peculiarly practical nature of the reverend divines discourses. Fine sentences, lofty metaphors, and touching pathos may for a time obtain admirers, but it is only solid thought, and unanswerable logic which is, at last, to convince mankind. To do this Mr. Newton seems peculiarly fitted. His eloquence is close, vehement, and irresistible; but we cannot better characterise it than by saying it is like his figure—manly.

Brought from Madras.—A young and beautiful Rhinoceros was landed on Monday from the ship Washington, from Madras. The "W" had a passage of 106 days.

New Publications.

The King's Highway. *By G. P. R. James, 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.*

The rapidity with which some of our novelists compose, is ruining that branch of our literature as completely as the most cynical foe of them could desire. We once had good writers, men who loved fame more than money, and who wrote works consequently which shall never die, but since book-making has been turned into a trade, there has been nothing but a succession of trashy productions, growing more and more contemptible, until they are now fairly beyond endurance.

The author of "The King's Highway" has of late made himself amenable to this charge, by the rapidity with which he has thrown his novels forth upon the world; and we begin to suspect, from the specimen before us, that he is about reaping the result in a negligent style, flimsy plot, and consequent loss of fame. No work of his since his earliest production—perhaps no work he has ever written—is so little worthy of him as "The King's Highway." It is crude, negligent, and often improbable; possesses not a single character worthy of the name; and has amid some fine passages a most "lame and impotent conclusion." Indeed, if Mr. James writes many such novels he will soon lose all claim to be ranked even as an imitator of Scott. The time is laid in England, during the reign of William the Third, and some of the chief personages of the story are actors in a Jacobite plot; but instead of the bold, stern conspirators of Red Gauntlet, we have only some half a dozen feebly drawn characters, without life, and often without probability. The incidents, too, of the tale are strained, and the conduct of "the colonel," is sometimes strangely at variance with his political creed, known character, and ultimate hopes. Laura Gaveston is, however, an interesting creature, though far less so, than the heroine of either the "Huguenot" or "Henry of Guise."

The Duke, the Earl, and the other "dramatis personæ," are little more than buckram; and the prevalence of clap-trap is—as he of Portland would say—pretty considerable.

We trust that for the sake of himself, if not for the sake of his readers, Mr. James will forego this rapid, mechanical manner of composing, and feel less, and when he does assume the sceptre and dictates laws, then it is that a more refined, and logical, but perhaps a less effective oratory springs up. This rule, however, is modified more or less by the peculiar character of the people. Different nations, in the same stage of civilization, may have different schools of eloquence. The astute Greek and the pompous Roman were not more separate from each other in character, than was the close, rapid, sellement oratory of Demosthenes from the flowing but beautiful declamation of Cicero.

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The Youth or Shakspeare,—*By the author of Shakspeare and his Friends—3 vols. Lea & Blanchard.*—The author of these quaint volumes, gained some credit by his former effort in portraying—to speak after his phraseology—the sayings and doings of the right worshipful master Shakspeare; and this second attempt to bring up before us the "sweet Swan of Avon," has been attended with complete success. The work is full of pleasant scenes, well drawn characters, and here and there a burst of poetry, like sunlight, streams across the duller narrative. The sweet little Mabel is a beautiful being, pure, lovely, innocent, almost angelic. Queen Elizabeth too figures in the work. But the character of characters which we dwell upon—more than queen, or statesman, or even lovely maidens—is huskie Will Shakspeare, the immortal dramatist. There seems a fascination in perusing volumes, which, bringing up before us such a master spirit, in hours of ease, and trouble, joy, and sorrow, and painting him to us as if we had seen him ourselves, which no one can resist. Let all read "The Youth of Shakspeare."

The Teacher Taught, or *Principles and Modes of Teaching—by Emerson Davis—1 vol.—Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb, Boston.*

This excellent work, which we find upon our table, developes its object, in the title-page, and carries it out too with a fidelity which, in these days of boasting, is rarely seen. We cannot better explain, however, the purpose of the whole work than by quoting his own words "I have endeavored," he says in the preface, "to enter the school-house with the teacher at the commencement of his school, to tell him how to arrange his school, how to manage the internal affairs of his little family, and how to govern it with vigor." We need only add that the author fulfils his promise. To teachers it is a work of value.

The Botanic Medical Recorder and Home Physician Magazine.—This is a new monthly periodical of sixteen pages, intended to advance the views of a particular school in medicine, and one which is becoming hourly more popular among the mass. It is conducted with ability, and we heartily wish it success. Terms one dollar in advance. H. H

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word *"Free"* of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittance, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Business Department.

To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when they order a discontinuance will give the *legal* reason assist. A paper returned and marked *"refused"* is no notice under the law, and will receive no attention at our hands.

It is impossible for us to find the post town at which a paper is received by the mere return of the paper, and it must in every case of discontinuance be given as well as the name of the subscriber. We are imperious in this matter.

☞ Agency.—Mr. C. W. James our agent at Cincinnati, Ohio, is authorized to appoint sub agents. Our Western subscribers who do not remit by mail can pay their subscriptions into his hand. His office is on Harrison street, the first brick house east of Broadway.

☞ T. C. Miller, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post, and the Philadelphia Casket, at Auburn, New York, and we cordially recommend him to subscribers as well as to all those wishing to subscribe to either the paper or the Magazine at that place.

☞ New York Sunday-sixpence.—Mr. Wm. M. Chesty is now on a collecting tour through the State of New York, and will pay our subscribers a visit. We hope that they will be prepared to receive him.

☞ Notice.—Delaware and Maryland.—Mr. Richard M. Smith is now on a collecting tour for us through the States of Delaware and Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Our subscribers will please be prepared with smiling faces, and the ready change to welcome him.

Unearned Notice.

We have within the last few weeks been obliged to return to many of our subscribers, notices of *Corporations in Boroughs* and *Cities*, as they are entirely worthless here. Any note of a *Bank*, current at home, so that an exchange can be effected here, will be taken in payment for this paper. We wish to save our subscribers the trouble of remitting, and ourselves, of returning money that is worthless to us. *Send* Bank *notes current at home.*

Political Intelligence.

Resignation of Amos Kendall, Esq.

The Postmaster General has resigned. The reasons for this determination can be best understood by the following card.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Finding it impossible, in consequence of an enfeebled health, to perform the duties of Postmaster General in a satisfactory manner, I have resigned that office, to take effect as soon as my successor can be appointed.

Not having been fortunate enough to accumulate wealth in a public office, I am under the necessity of resorting to such private employment as is suited to my strength and condition, for the purpose of meeting the current expenses of a considerable family.

A few hours each day devoted to the pen, leaving an abundance of time for relaxation and exercise, I have found by experience, from the excitement of composition, to be rather conducive to health than injurious, and this is the occupation, above all others, most agreeable to my taste and my present inclination.

Messrs Blair and Rives have kindly offered me the profits of such subscription to the Extra Globe for the present season, as may be raised on my account, and I have consented to contribute to it until November next, if such a number of subscribers shall be obtained as will warrant that step.

I am the more inclined to this devotion of my time from a desire to prevent any misconstruction of the motives which have led to my resignation. I wish to satisfy the whole world that no dissatisfaction with the President or his administration, or indisposition to render it the utmost support in my power, no distrust of its measures or its origin, has had any effect in determining me to prefer a private to a public station. On the contrary, my confidence in the President, in his integrity, his principles, and his firmness, have increased from the day I was first officially associated with him; my relations with every member of his Cabinet have been uniformly of a most friendly character; and my devotion to the great measures which have been, and still are, sustained by the Administration, known no abatement. The leading principles avowed by the President I look upon as essential to the preservation of liberty and a government of the people; and if I had supposed that my resignation could endanger that success, I should have clung to office as I would to life.

As soon as the necessary arrangements are made, proposals, with a more extended address, will be presented to the friends of the Administration.

AMOS KENDALL.

May 11, 1840.

United States Senate.

The terms of office of the following Senators will expire on the 3d of March next:

Maine,	John Ruggles,	Conserva.
New Hampshire,	Henry Hubbard,	V. B.
Massachusetts,	John Davis,	Whig
Rhode Island,	N. R. Knight,	Whig
New Jersey,	Garrett D. Wall,	V. B.
Delaware,	Thomas Clayton,	Whig
Virginia,	Wm. H. Roane,	V. B.
North Carolina,	Bedford Brown,	V. B.
South Carolina,	John C. Calhoun,	V. B.
Georgia,	Wilson Lumpkin,	V. B.
Alabama,	William R. King,	V. B.
Mississippi,	Robert J. Walker,	V. B.
Louisiana,	Robert C. Nicholas,	V. B.
Tennessee,	Alex'r Anderson,	V. B.
Kentucky,	John J. Crittenden,	Whig
Illinois,	John M. Robinson,	V. B.
Michigan,	J. Norvell,	V. B.
Arkansas,	William S. Fulton,	V. B.

5 Whigs and Conservatives—13 Van Burenites. This will leave parties equally divided in the Senate, and the political character of that body will be decided by the State elections of the present year.

Tom Van Presidency.—Mr. Forsyth states, through the columns of the Globe, that if his names are respected by his friends, his name will not be used or mixed up in the contest for the Vice Presidency. Mr. F. is of opinion that whoever succeeds, will owe his election to the choice of the Senate. He declines holding a station unless it be by the decision of a majority of his fellow citizens.

Appointments by the Governor.—James I. King and John Wood, Notaries Public, at Chambersburg.

Charles Bell and George D. Foulke, Notaries Public at Carlisle.

John Wilson, Notary Public at Washington.

Bedford County Election.—We learn from the Harrisburg Telegraph that Mr. Washabaugh, the Harrison candidate for the Legislature, in the place of T. B. McElvee, has been elected by 778 majority. Mr. McElvaid was his competitor.

Recognition of Consuls.—The President of the United States has recognised Luigo Moss as Consul General of Sardinia, at New York, and Alberto Michaud Consul of Sardinia for New Orleans.

Rhode Island.—The Rhode Island Legislature assembled last week, and elected Henry T. Cranston as Speaker. The official majority for the Whig Governor is 1311.

Whig Convention.—A Whig Convention is to be held in Missouri on the 20th of June.

General News.

Dabney the Defaulter.—The Baltimore Sun states that Dabney the defaulter passed through that city on Sunday last, on his way to Richmond, to give himself up. He was accompanied by three gentlemen, who acted in the capacity of body guards, to prevent an arrest, and to hold him harmless until he reached his place of destination. An inspection of the books at the rail road office and at the southern stage office did not disclose his name, but it was discovered that one gentleman had taken four seats for Richmond, one of which it is believed, was for Mr. Dabney. If it be true that he has gone on, the public may look for some disclosures, which, if not "awful," will be interesting.

Attempt at Robbery.—A mulatto fellow named Sanders, was detected on Saturday afternoon in the act of breaking into the Mount Holly Bank.—He is an old convict, having but three weeks ago completed a servitude of three years in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, for horse stealing. On his examination he said he had two accomplices, white men; this he has since denied.

Cotton at New Orleans.—Since October last, 850,000 bales of Cotton have been landed at New Orleans, and the receipt this season, it is said, will much exceed one million. It is piled up in the streets of New Orleans, such is the amount at present on hand, notwithstanding the sums of the daily shipments.

Fatal Accident.—It is stated in the Tennessean, published at Rogersville, 24th ult. "that the Rev. Mr. Foote, a Presbyterian minister, and who was lately elected President of Washington College, was thrown from his horse a few days since, near Leesburg, Washington county, and expired in a few minutes thereafter."

The Arabs in New York.—These fellows are fairly run down with anxious visiters. On Friday a Committee from the Common Council visited them on board their vessel, and tendered the hospitalities of the city to Captain Ahemed Ben Naman. In return he made a speech.

A Fatal Affray.—The Macon (Miss.) Intelligencer says that Mr. Wm. J. Hughes of Noxubee county, was killed on the 2d ult. by a pistol shot in an affray with Mr. B. A. Harrison, of the same county. The latter narrowly escaped a shot from his antagonist.

Rain in Nashville.—Nashville, Tennessee has been flooded lately with the heavy rains. On the 23th a perfect deluge was experienced there, that swept everything by the board. The river suddenly rose twelve feet. In Espy in that direction?

Plenty of Women.—We perceive by the papers, that there are nearly 3700 women in Nashua, N. H while the whole population of the town does not exceed six thousand. What a glorious place for old bachelors! Would'nt they *love* in such an atmosphere!

Sentenced.—John J. Lamb, a youth of 17, and clerk and assistant post-master at Georgetown, S. C. has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for purloining $263 from a letter. James Sanderlin, for aiding and abetting, was sentenced to 15.

Another Grand Scheme Done Up.—The grand real estatate lottery, at New Orleans, has bursted. Mr. Louis Schmidt advertises in the New Orleans papers, that, owing to *unforseen* and unlawful circumstances, he has been compelled to abandon the further prosecution of the lottery.

Progress of the Temperance Cause.—The Pottsville Journal states, that, through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. McGinnis, of the Catholic church, of that borough, 1560 persons have been induced to sign the temperance pledge. A temperance reading room has also been established.

Ill Fated Story.—A young man, says the Baltimore Sun, an apprentice to Mr. Green, carpenter, fell on Friday from the fourth to the first story, through the hatchway of the building in S. Liberty street, where poor Shulmeyer, wife and child lost their lives.

No Punishment by Death.—A movement is being made in the British Parliament to abolish the punishment of death in every case except that of murder. Mr. Scully has introduced a bill to that effect in the House of Commons.

Steamboat Camden.—This steamboat sunk with over two hundred bales of Cotton on board, about 11 miles below Camden, S. C. on the 30th April, in consequence of being snagged. She is a total loss.

Newspapers.—There are about 1555 newspapers and other periodicals published in the United States. 267 are published in New England, 274 in New York State, 253 in Pennsylvania, and 164 in Ohio.

Shot with a Pistol.—A person named Mayfield, has been arrested Frankfort, Ky. for waylaying and killing Dr. Hawkins, of that place, with a pistol. A murder is becoming, in good south, an every day occurrence.

How Insane.—On Friday week, the body of a dead child was found in a box at Catskill, near Baltimore. It must have been placed there by some inhuman mother, who had lost all affinity to feeling to humanity.

Fire at Northampton, Mass.—On Saturday morning, a fire occurred in Northampton, Mass.) which consumed a cabinet maker's shop and injured another building. About $4000 was the amount of the loss.

Fire Among the Cotton.—The cotton appears to be catching it lately in the way of fire. In Macon, Ga. a cotton warehouse was burned down on the 27th April, and entirely consumed, with its contents.

Pickpocket.—A pickpocket was arrested in Boston on Thursday, who attempted to defend himself with a knife. Two pocket books were found upon him.

A Corner Stone Laid.—The corner stone of St. Andrews' Church, Wilmington, Del. was laid on Thursday week. The former building was destroyed by fire some months since.

Walked into a Sewer.—A man walked into an open sewer, in Charles street, Baltimore, on Friday night, and as it was deep, came near being drowned.

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Case of the Murderer Laughlin.—An examination of a number of witnesses in relation to the murder of Thomas H. Laughlin, who was killed in the procession at Baltimore, took place on Friday, before the Mayor of the city and several magistrates. We take the following abstract of the testimony from the Sun. Two witnesses testified positively that Laughlin was knocked down with a club just as he had pulled the effigy down, and was stooping to tear it up with his hands and feet. The blow struck him on the back of the head, and killed him almost instantly. Another witness saw a young man, about 22 years of age, step back as Laughlin fell, and exclaim, "I am the man who killed him—come and take me; I've straightened him." A young man named William Thrush was seen marching about with those who carried the effigy, having a large club; several others of the party had clubs also. After Laughlin was killed, Thrush was seen walking behind the man who had the stuffed figure, his left hand on the man's back, with a club raised in his right, urging the man forward, and ever and anon exclaiming, "Go it!—go it!" The effigy was made in the yard attached to the New Market Engine House. The papers do not state whether any action had been determined upon by the authorities.

Horrid and Mysterious Murder.—We condense from the Baltimore Sun the following singular and apparently unaccountable case of murder. At Harper's Ferry, on the night of Wednesday last at about half past eleven o'clock, the man who attends the lock of the canal at that place, was met by a stranger, who requested him to return and pass his boat through the lock.—He told the stranger that he would find females at the house, who would pass him through. Residing with him was his sister, a Mrs. Davis, and her two children. The children slept with her, and other persons slept in the same room.—They were disturbed by some noise, and on getting out of bed and procuring a light, it was discovered that both the boy and his mother were dead, their throats having been cut from ear to ear. None of the persons in the room heard any one either enter or depart. The stranger next morning was discovered in an out-house, with the bloody knife in his possession; and on being arrested, confessed himself to be the murderer.—He is said to be a German, but we have not learned either his name or his motive.

American Seamen's Friend Society.—The 12th anniversary of this institution was celebrated on Monday evening at the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y. The house was full,—the congregation numbered, we should say, at least 3000 persons. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. De Witt, an abstract of the Report was read by the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Mr. Greenleaf. The operations of this Society have been retarded during the past year by the financial embarrassments of the country; but the Board have gone to the full extent which the benefactions of the community enabled them to go, and much has in fact been accomplished. Addresses were made by Capt. Ladd, of Mass. Mr. and the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia; and the Rev. E. N. Sawtell, Chaplin of the Society to seamen at Havre. A collection was taken up in behalf of the Society's funds.

Villains Caught.—The St. Louis Bulletin of the 20th ult. announces the capture of three desperadoes, one of whom named Guy, is said to be a native of Mercer county, Pa. and who robbed and attempted to murder Mr. E. S. Gage, a merchant of Fairfield, Jefferson county, Iowa. Mr. G. was travelling on foot from Fort Madison on his way to St. Louis, and when a short distance from the former place, was attacked by the three men above alluded to, who were travelling with him. They knocked him down with clubs, and robbed him of four or five hundred dollars. Mr. G. was afterward found in an almost lifeless condition, and conveyed to Fort Madison.

Baltimore Rotgers.—On Saturday, a man named Charles Irvine was brought up for further examination on the charges made against him for assaults committed on persons, during the procession on Monday last. It appeared from the testimony that he had armed himself with a bludgeon at one time, and at another with a stone wrapped in a handkerchief, with both of which he struck individuals. He was required to give bail in the amount of $1000, and being unable to do so, was remanded to prison, to await his trial in June.

The Commerce of Africa.—The trade of Africa is beginning to be looked upon as quite important. It is stated on competent authority, that the single article of palm oil, the value of over $7,000,000, has been imported into England from Africa in a single year. Camphor wood, which is worth $60 per ton, can be obtained in abundance at Liberia. A letter from the Merchant's Magazine, states that as soon as the roads are cut into the interior, ivory, gold dust, and many other valuable articles may be obtained in abundance for the purposes of trade and traffic.

Robbery and Fire.—The store of R. D. Pettonnet, of Friendsville, Susquehanna county, in this State, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 30th inst. Loss estimated at 3 or 4000 dollars, which is nearly covered by insurance. On the same afternoon some of the goods were found in a neighboring barn, which, with the fact that the fire was carefully secured and the store closed early the previous evening, leads to the belief that the store was robbed and set on fire by an incendiary.

Yale College.—We perceive, by the last triennial catalogue of Yale College, that of the class which graduated in 1737, consisting of 37 students, 23 yet survive. Among these are Judge Baldwin, of our U. S. Circuit Court, and Rev. Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati. Assuming the average ages to have been 20 years at the time of graduating, the fact may be noted as of most rare occurrence.

The Navy Agent of Texas.—The Baltimore American announces the immediate return to his government of John G. Tod, Esq. Navy Agent from the Republic of Texas to the United States, he having accomplished all the objects contemplated in his mission, which was, we believe, to superintend the building of several vessels of war for the Texan Navy.

Almost a Rogue.—A man at Portland recently returned $350 to the cashier of the Canal Bank, having been paid, through mistake, $450 more than he was entitled to. One hundred dollars of the money had been spent by him. In his note to the cashier, he styles himself one that tried to be a rogue but conscience would not let him.

Penny Sheets in Canada.—The Tattler says that the only penny paper published in any part of the British possessions on this continent is the Transcript, at Montreal. In its business it is one of the most successful, as in its management it is among the most able papers in the colonies.

Disappearance.—It is stated that Mr. Jesse Moore left his residence near New Castle, Del. were, on the 31st of March, and has not since been heard of. His family are in distress on account of his absence, as they can assign no reason for a voluntary disappearance.

Suicide.—Wm. J. Copeland, a book-keeper in the house of Stettinius & January, St. Louis, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Pecuniary embarrassment the cause. He was the head of a worthy and respectable family.

Emigration from Ireland.—The Quebec Mercury states that the emigration from Ireland this year will be immense, and that all the ships about to leave for Quebec are actually crowded with passengers.

New York Custom House.—The new custom house in New York has already cost a million of dollars. Congress made a further appropriation, a few days ago, of $118,000 toward completing it.

Division of Florida.—A meeting in favor of this measure was held at St. Augustine, on the 25th ult. A petition to Congress was draped.

Extraordinary Courage.—A sheriff's officer was sent to seize a boat recently at Vicksburg. As soon as he appeared in sight of the boat, those on board were about to cut her loose. Placing a large knife in his mouth, and with pistols ready cocked, in both hands, without a moment's hesitation, he fearlessly jumped on board. A cry of throw him overboard, only steeled him the more effectually, and approaching the person about to cast off the rope, with pistol presented, he summoned him to desist. It was effectual!—the person addressed was only a deck hand, and would rather work than fight! The officer then cut the tiller ropes, and thus prevented the departure of the boat. Finding themselves baffled, those on board entered into an arrangement by which he became the recognised owner of the boat, with the proviso, that he should proceed on her to Alton, Ill. where the owner resided. This, notwithstanding the risk, he complied with, and arrived safely at Alton, where the owner not only paid the debt, but actually made him a present of a thousand dollars.

Missing.—The St. Louis Gazette gives the following additional facts in relation to the sinking of the steamboat Bedford.—A gentleman wearing a leghorn hat is missing. One gentleman, who was sick on board, died the next morning. It is thought that there may be 12 or 14 lives lost.—One gentleman lost his trunk, in which there was $6000 in specie.

Murdered with Rum.—On Sunday, the 3d inst. a number of persons at a tavern in Brookfield, Orange county, N. Y. gave a colored man, named Adam Jansen, three tumblers full of liquor in quick succession. He drank them off, and in half an hour was a corpse. His murderers were not troubled by the authorities.

A Shocking Death.—A young lady, Miss Mary Parten, was killed in Petersburg last week, while riding in a gig, the wheel of which accidentally became entangled in the wheel of a wagon. Before they could be extricated, Miss Parten was so much injured that she expired in a very short time.

Damage at New Orleans.—A part of the Levee, opposite New Orleans, broke in on the night of the 30th ult. doing a great deal of damage to the houses in the neighborhood, and carrying off frame outbuildings, &c. About thirty houses are standing in water from four to six feet deep. No lives were lost.

The British Queen.—This elegant packet will probably arrive the beginning of next week. Our commercial and other relations with England are now of so important a character, that we really look with more anxiety for foreign intelligence, than we do for that of events which are daily passing around us.

Snow Storm.—We are informed by a gentleman who crossed the Catskill mountains on Saturday, that a violent snow storm from the north east prevailed there during the whole day. The tops of the mountains were covered to the depth of several inches, and looked as white and dreary as in the depth of winter.

Drowned.—A man by the name of Hardman, of Newark, was drowned in the canal at Bloomfield, N. J. on Friday night. He had travelled to the latter place on the canal, and accidentally fell in. He leaves, we understand, a wife and several children.

Pleasure.—Pleasure parties from Pittsburg up the Mississippi, to the Falls of St. Anthony, are getting quite common. The steamboat Pennsylvania started on such a jaunt last week, having also on board a company of United States soldiers for Fort Leavenworth.

Accident on the Reading Rail Road.—We learn that on Thursday morning week, as the Philadelphia train of cars approached a deep cut near Manyunk, a large mass of earth, &c. caved in, and completely buried up the engine. No person were injured.

Fire.—The cooper shop of Mr. Matthew Armor, near the Canal, in Chilicothe, Ohio, with its contents, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning last. The loss is estimated at $1300. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A Mysterious Disappearance in New York.—Mr N. Mowry, a merchant of Towanda, (Pa.) left his lodgings, at the Pearl Street House, N. Y. on the 27th ult. and has not been heard of since, while the goods which he purchased remain at the stores.

Drowned.—The Savannah papers state that Robert Blair, a native of Dundee, Scotland, attempted to swim across the river, but after going half way he returned, and before he could reach the wharf, sunk, and was drowned.

Ordered to Sea.—The United States ship Levant, at Pensacola, on the 22d ult. had unexpectedly received orders to sail that afternoon on a short cruise of six weeks or two months at the utmost. The object of the cruise is unknown.

Rumor.—It is rumored at Toronto, (U. C.) that Sir George Arthur will shortly leave Canada for England, and that the Governor General will assume the direction of the two Provinces.

Melancholy Occurrence.—A lad, supposed to belong to a club, was upset at New York on Sunday evening, and four men and a lad drowned.

A Sea Dog.—Captain Waite, of the packet ship England has just completed his 144th trip across the Atlantic.

Great Hail Storm.—A very violent and destructive storm of wind and hail, passed over Decatur county, Pa. five miles east of Greenburg, on the 23d of April. Two or three farms were much injured. A great deal of large timber was thrown down, and nearly all the fencing. The hail fell to the depth of several inches and destroyed almost every thing green, many of the hail stones being *two* inches in diameter.

Financial Record.

Connecticut.—Gov. Ellsworth's Message to the Legislature of Connecticut represents that the State is free from debt, and has, besides, $18,844 in the Treasury. The School Fund amounts to $2,040,000; the dividend made last year $163,345, which has been divided among 82,676 children. The State Prison is in a flourishing condition; number of convicts, 160; profits last year beyond expenses, $4500. The militia number 40,000 men, who are generally well armed and equipped.

Banking.—The Governor of New York has signed the bill which requires the banks and bankers of the State of New York, except those in the cities of New York, Albany and Brooklyn, to redeem their notes in New York or Albany, at a rate of discount not exceeding one-half of one per cent. The law takes effect on the 1st of July next.

Specie.—The packet ship Poland, which sailed from New York on Monday, for Havre, took out $89,000 in specie.

Jayne's Hair Tonic.—The Weekly Messenger says: The efficacy of this elegant preparation in restoring the growth of the hair in bald places, is truly wonderful. Where the hair has been worn off from the top of the head, by the careless practice of carrying loings in the crown of the hat, it is generally considered difficult if not impossible to restore it, but it is found by numerous examples that the Hair Tonic reaches these cases very promptly, and effects a complete cure. Every gentleman——we say nothing to the ladies, it being a fair presumption that their hair is always in full luxuriance; at least it always was so,)——every gentleman who finds his hair growing too thin, or becoming loose, should place a bottle of Jayne's Hair Tonic in his dressing case, and apply it with a few use of the hair brush every morning. The result will be a full, strong, and healthy head of hair. The cases that have fallen under our own observation warrant us fully in asserting this. There is no mistake in Dr. Jayne.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

	price sold for	par
1234 shares United States Bank,	77¼@79	50
10 do. Commercial Bank,	76	50
51 do. Girard Bank,	30@40	50
21 do. Penn Township Bank,	50	50
100 do. Penn Township Bank,	51	50
125 do. Mechanics' Bank,	30@31	50
38 do. Planters Bank, Penn.	74@75	100
50 do. Com. & Rail. Road, Va.	172½	100
50 do. Downingtown R. R.	70	50
78 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	131½	50
50 do. Chesnut Hill & Sandy RR.	11½	50
10 do. Norristown RR.	7	50
5 do. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	46	50

Review of the Philadelphia Market, for the week

Remarks.—The market has become rather inactive within the last few days. The number of vessels that have also been small, and stocks of imported goods have brought into the market. One cause is assigned for the falling off in business at the Philadelphia Exchange is that at Harrisburg as with many it is scarce and they only attempt some new experiments for regulating our money affairs.

Cotton.—Fine qualities are scarce, and in fair demand, and prices are firm. Middling qualities are dull, and prices are a fair supply. Prime parcels for export of 100 bales Tennessee at 11½; 100 do. Alabama at 11½; 100 do. Mobile at 11 cts all for export. 150 bales good Upland 10 a 10½; 50 bales N Orleans and Mobile at 10½ and a lot of fine Mobile 11 cts for export. Sales of the week 1000 bales.

Coffee.—The markets has become inactive, and prices are hardly supported. The lowest quality of Rio is wanted 1000 bags Rio at 8½ a 9; in the for common to good the quality. And a very fine selected at about 9½ cts. 200 bags Jamaica at 10½ a 10¾ cts.

Flour and Meal.—The supplies of Pennsylvania Flour continue small, and the demand moderate, and the receipts limited during the last few days. Sales at the latter part of last week at $4.75 for Pennsylvania, in barrels, and $4.87½ for do. in bbls. Prices are $4.75 a 4.75 and no more sales $4.70 per bbl. Sales of Rye Flour at $3.50 per bbl. Corn Meal is in good demand, and the supply limited. Sales of 100 bbls. City Meal at $4.87½, and the same for small lots. Brandy wine $4.87½ to day, but little prior to sunday. Baltimore Corn Meal is selling at $4.75@4.81 and some lots part on wagon terms at $4.62½. Rye Meal is in demand at $3.50 per bbl. Western at $4.62½@4.75 and Pennsylvania at $4.75 @4.80. Rye Flour, further sales at $3.50@3.62½ per bbl. Grain.—Wheat is in good demand, and the receipts limited for Pennsylvania, and 9,000 for Brandywine. 4.3 cars Delaware sold at 93@95 Pennsylvania and 93@95 cents for Brandywine.

Flour.—Maryland are unchanged in price. A sale of 200 bbls. at 5 @ 5.06. Same in No. 2 size at $4.50 to 4.60. No 1 at $4.75 to 4.75 per bbl.

Rye.—Wheat is in fair demand and prices are firm, and the close of last week at 94 to 96 cts. Some through sales at 95@96 cts afloat on the Schuylkill, for fair to prime red. We quote white 96@98 cts and for mixed and dull. Rye 60 cts at the close of the week. The supplies have been moderate with a steady demand. Sales of 841 bushels at 60 cts. and white at 62½ to 67 cts. State—Southern Indian corn sold at 72 cts for Maryland and Delaware, and 77 cts for Virginia.

Molasses.—A cargo of 150 hhds and 150 tcs of Trinidad has been received at Boston, for distillation. 50 cases Antiguas sold at 25@26 cts. 100 bbls New Orleans sold at 28 cts and 30 bbls New York Sugar House at 32@33 cts per gallon.

Naval Stores.—Sales of 64,000 bbls Turpentine at $2.50@2.56 per bbl. Tar at $2.50 per bbl. Rosin—Common at $1.50@1.56 and fine at $2. 100 bbls Spirits Turpentine at 30@31 cts now held at 28@31 cts.

Ohio.—Wheat is in demand at 95@97½ cts. Corn is in good supply and demand. Sales of 4000 gallons at 38 @39 cts. Rye 60 cts. Oats 40 cts in bbls. Spirits has not varied for some time past. Linseed oil is held at 75@80 cts.

Provisions.—Pork.—Sales in small parcels of Western Mess at $12.50 per bbl. Prime at $10.50 per bbl. Lard—Sales in small and prime steam. Hams at 10 @ 10½ cts in casks. Sales of 5 bbls Dried Beef at 7 cts. Bacon Sides—Good to prime quality sold at 6½ cts. Shoulders at 5 cts. Western Hams at 8½ cts. Sales of 100 bbls Western Prime Mess Beef at $8.50 per bbl.

Rice.—About 50 tierces have sold on spot on the wharf at 3½ cts. Some parcels of Louisiana have sold at 4 cts.

Rosin.—Sales of this article of Louisiana have sold at one time at 3½ cts per lb at 4 days from maddling Tobacco.—Sales of 50 hhds Kentucky at 5@6 cts per lb. At the last sales of this article the market has become inactive, and part of the supplies have been stored for better prices. Sales of 100 hhds Kentucky at 5@6 cts per lb. Sales of Tennessee at 3½ a 4½ cts per lb.

Spirits.—Brandy remains as last noted. An import of 113 pipes of Cognac has been received. Baltimore Whiskey has been in demand. Sales of 200 bbls at 26 cts. Some sales of N. E. in bbls at 26 cts. Western Bbls. have been sold in lots at 22 cts. Sales are dull of sale at 20 cts with a light supply.

Teas.—A small part of the import of the ship Omega, has been sold at auction. Other lots remain unsold. Some Teas have been sold at private sale, but not reported to the public.

Tobacco.—There is some export demand chiefly for good quality which is scarce. Most of the receipts have been of inferior quality. Sales of 45 hhds Kentucky at 5@6 cts per lb. Sales of 45 hhds Kentucky at 5@6 cts per lb. Sales of 45 hhds Kentucky at 5@6 cts per lb.

Gay & Sexton's Family Medicines.

Their medicines are recommended and extensively used by the citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity, by members of Congress and Presidents of colleges, from every part of the United States and of Republics and Kingdoms, and by more than three hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

The above medicines, prepared for family use and have acquired a reputation unprecedented throughout the United States, and in the British Colonies; they have proved HEALTH and sure DISEASE, as literally should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable medicines has been in the United States and has had extensive experience in each of the States, and has taken pains by which to has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best adapted to their removal.

These preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY, and all the diseases of the Throat, Bronchia, of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNES'S HAIR TONIC for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant safe and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS of every kind, and a speedy remedy for FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and the PANS OF DIGESTION. Price 25 cents.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE BALSAM a certain cure for BOWEL AND STOMACH COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERIA or BLOODY FLUX, all kinds of DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SOUR HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangement of the STOMACH and BOWELS NERVOUS AFFECTIONS &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATIONS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN &c. and in all cases where an approved Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States. may 16—3m

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.—The subscribers having enlarged their store for the purpose of making additional room for their stock in general, and more particularly in the Furnishing and Silk department, take this opportunity to inform their friends that they have just opened some of the most desirable goods of the season, viz

Black Mournings de Laine, Lawns and Chintzes.

A new style of figd plain Gingham.

French Capes and Cuffs.

A new variety of linen cambric and bobinet.

Also a great variety of Furnishing Goods, viz

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Table Linens Napkins and Doyleys of all widths and prices.

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THE OLIO.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

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Save the wild wind which o'er it swept,
Or now and then a baby weeping.
Some had retir'd oppress'd with care,
Some with their hearts elate with gladness,
Some with a thankful heart in air
A kindred to corroding sadness.
Some dreamt of years when in their way
The freshest flow'rs of life were springing;
Some of the cares which round them lay,
And every passing hour was flinging.
Some dreamt of grizzly Ghosts and then
Waking! they gaz'd—then sank to slumber,
Some of the faithless sex of men,
And breath'd reproaches without number.
Some thought 'twas summer, and that they
Were on the beach at "Manchucking,"
Some that with gallant steeds and sleigh,
And friends—they were to Greenwood flocking.
But one fair Maiden "Julia" dream'd
Of crossing o'er the Alleghanys,
In a stage Coach with those who seem'd,
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She in her sleep heard laugh and talk
Rent ragged turnpikes, broken bridges,
A moon at Pittsburg, and some walk
She took on Catskill's mountain ridges.
At times she'd raise her head and lay
Her little gold decked hand upon it,
Exclaiming "Stop! stop! driver pray,
Your low roof'd coach will spoil my bonnet."
Anon she'd heave a heavy sigh
Murmuring—"Oh me I'm sick of roving,
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"Without it earth has naught worth loving."
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Were heard and with them children screaming.
Then came the thrilling cry of "Fire"
Loud strokes of "Help" and timbers crashing,
Frantic pic which never seem'd to tire
Were onward, onward, wildly dashing.
Some now near frantic scarcely stir'd,
Some lay upon their pillows gazing
Some lost ring to the scenes they heard,
At length beheld a dreadful blazing.
Then flew they to the windows for
Like phrenzied fairies fiercely raging,
Out came their lives in fear
In triumph—scorning all assuaging.
Some dressing first—soon barred down,
Some down and hurried without dressing,
That is complete—no shawl or gown
For instance—would have been distressing.
Some flung to earth with frantic airs,
Their looking glasses, combs, watch,
It's carried in their arms down stairs
Some had classic, hand crest, rings and shawls.
Some left their all—and sought the street
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The worst—and there alone had perish'd.
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SIMPLICITY.—A little unbreeched fellow, the idol of his mother, and plague of his father, went to the post-office and inquired if there was a letter for his "*Drangpa*" (grandpapa.)

"For whom?" inquired the Postmaster.

"For drangpa," answered the little fellow.

"Well, what is your grandpapa's name?"

"Why drandmama calls him Josh."

"Well, what does your grandfather call her?"

"He says, 'Oh thunder, Beio, do keep your clack still for once.'"

The Postmaster, baffled by the urchin's simplicity, dismissed him with the request that he should return home and ask his *Drammome* her name.

HOTEL.—A downeaster recently came to New York, and took lodging for the night at one of what might be called the high houses. Telling the waiter that he wished to be called in the morning, for the boat, both of them proceeded "on their watching way" upward, till having arrived at the top of the eighth flight of stairs, when Jonathan caught the arm of the guide, and accosted him:—"Look here, stranger! if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well don it now as 'twill be that time *afore I can get down again.*"

QUICKNESS AT LAST.—A bickering couple, residing near Manchester, were recently overheard in high contraversy, and the repentant Benedict exclaimed, "I'm determined I'll have one quiet week with thee!" "But how will thou get it how will thou get it if how will thou get it?" was the unceasing spouse, with that "duration" which married ladies so pre-eminently practice.—"I'll keep thee a week after thou'rt dead!" was the tender rejoinder!

DANCING.—"I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurdis; "but I had once my dancing days as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her as by conversing with her at home, when I could witness her behaviour at the table, at the fireside, and in the circumstances of domestic life. We ate all good wives we are pleased; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

A SMALL MISTAKE.—The *Picayune* states that a big leggy woman, with two children was creating a sensation of laughter in that city, by presenting to the humane a man's petition, specifying that both the legs were broken, &c. &c. The ways "never let on," but laughed, and let her go on with her document, from place to place.

INTERJECTION.—An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied—"No indeed; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English." "Why so?" "Because you see I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

DOGMATISM.—The editor of a "down east" paper is endeavoring to elevate pumpkins to a more dignified standing. He calls them "domestic citrons."

CAUTION.—An article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

SENSE.—"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a philosophic matter of fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you must have far to go," was the sardonic reply.

GETTING INTO HOT WATER.—When a man scalds his wife and catches the contents of the boiling tea-kettle.

LOVE.—Love is feeble only when it fears; it is resistless when it acts.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE GAMBLER'S QUARREL.

"Come, gentlemen," cried the banker, "there is still a stake or two to be made up.

The players sat motionless, looking at each other, but made no reply.

"I make the rest, sir," said Alfred, unconcernedly, willing to try whether the sad forebodings with which his mind had been haunted during the day, had the slightest foundation. And then, without further thought on the subject, he leaned against the door of the saloon, searching among the crowd of faded forms, resplendent with jewellery, features heightened with rouge, and eyes sparkling with artificial lustre, for the charming little head, and the sweet look of his lovely Maretta. The harsh voice of the banker recalled the young sailor from his reverie.

"You have won, sir," said he, in a sharp and grating tone. And the banker pushed toward him a heap of gold.

"I" said Alfred, approaching the table, "nay, but that cannot be possible."

"He refuses," cried one of the players, leaning his elbow on the table, and grasping with his eyes the glittering pile of Louis d'ors.

"Pshaw! are such things ever refused!" sneeringly cried an Usher.

The young sailor cast a rapid glance at the players, whose eyes were all fixed upon him, and addressing the banker, said, "This, sir, I take it, is a joke. It is quite impossible that all this can belong to me."

"But it is all yours, sir," replied the banker, in the same cold tone—adding, with a bitter smile, "You held the bank, and the cards pay."

"Then, gentleman," exclaimed Alfred, "the deal is void."

A prolonged murmur of astonishment ran through the assemblage.

"I was not aware that I was playing for so high a stake," continued the young seaman, "and had I lost, most assuredly I would never have paid."

The banker was a man, as yet in the prime of life, but grown old before his time by care and frequent watchings, and indulgence in the baser passions; with livid, hollow cheeks, and a restless and cunning, though sunken eye, imparting to his looks a character at once false, forbidding, and sinister. "Ah" said he, leaning back in his chair, his pallid lips curling with a faint laugh of scorn and derision. "Indeed, young gentleman! but you would most certainly have paid it, though; and that too in good hard Louis d'ors, such as these, or in powder from the royale arsenal!"

Alfred made a convulsive spring backward. "Liar" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice.

The banker sat motionless; but his thin lips quivered with suppressed emotion; the same sardonic smile still played on his features, but their paleness had faded to a yet more livid and ashey hue. In an instant the players were on their feet, and grouping round the two actors in this strange and unexpected drama. Alfred was standing up, his hands convulsively clenched, his eyes dilated, and his whole figure shaking with rage. The banker, on the contrary, was rocking himself easily backward and forward in his chair, and casting round on the spectators a look of self possession and complacency, at the same time playing with the pile of gold heaped up on his right. "Sir," said he, at length, measuring Alfred from head to foot, with the coolest effrontery, "It is more than probable you do not know who I am; that indeed is to me sufficiently clear. And as for these gentlemen here," he added, with a wave of his hand toward the spectators, "I have every reason to suppose that knowing them, you would not have taken it upon yourself to give me the lie in their presence. Pray, sir, what may be your name?"

"Insolent fellow" cried Alfred, with concentrated indignation.

"Just as it may please you," replied the banker with imperturbable calmness. "Then you are equally unacquainted with my name. I have the choice of weapons, sir. Now 'tis as well you should know, that the lizard hunter of these mountains is not more sure of his rifle, than I am of my pistol."

This was said distinctly, coolly, and with an air of conviction that caused a shudder among the spectators. The man was really frightful, with his measured phrases, and his *sang froid*. The players listened to him, one and all, with a kind of dread; Alfred himself was scarcely proof against it.

"You have a mind to frighten me?" said he, very impatiently.

"I? not in the least," replied the methodical banker, with apathetic indifference, and the same cold sneer and smile of duplicity. "But I cannot feel it in my conscience to assassinate you." And so saying, he felt slowly in each of his pockets, from which he drew at last a small rifle barrelled pistol, which he placed before him on the table. A death like silence pervaded the whole room.

"There, sir!" he continued, turning directly opposite to the young sailor, and crossing his legs, as though he was about entering on the most common-place conversation imaginable. "This is the best thing I have to propose; indeed, it is all that I can possibly do, in order to accommodate matters. Being the dice," he continued, in the same tone of voice, turning half round on his chair—"and shut that door."

The door of the play room was closed, the dice placed upon the table. The sound of the orchestra and of the festive hall, only reached the room as a suppressed and distant murmur. "Now, then," said he, "since we have dice and a pistol; the highest thrower kills the other. We shall settle it thus, eh?"

The young sailor approached the table, seized the dice-box in mute desperation, shook it with convulsive energy, cast one furtive glance toward the ball room door—and threw! As if lowed by an electric shock, every head was simultaneously bent over the cloth—the action of this terrific drama had passed so rapidly—the denouement was so near at hand, that one could scarcely believe in the reality of the attentive scene then enacting without noise or interruption, around that accursed table. The banker in a loud voice reckoned up the points.

"Six and six are twelve, and one—thirteen: a good throw, a very good throw, upon my word, young gentleman—good throw." He took up the dice, replaced them in the box, and with as air of the coolest effrontery, addressed the spectators, "Thirteen" he exclaimed, "a very good point!—but it's always an unlucky number. Come, gentlemen, who bids fifty louis d'ors on me. Fifty louis on the life of that gentleman yonder" he continued, fixing his eye with a malignant and deadly glare on the young lieutenant, who quivered involuntarily beneath it.

The players turned pale and remained silent.

"Well, then," said he, with a smile, "as there seems to be no bet, here's for myself"—and the dice rolled upon the table. "Fifteen. You have lost, sir. A pity, too, with so good a point; the affair, gentlemen, was well contested, at all events. So then, sir, your life belongs to me. Are you ready?"

All present drew back in terror. The banker, still stretched out in his chair, was quietly engaged in adjusting the lock and carefully examining the priming of his pistol.

"I am ready," replied the young man, standing motionless before him.

"A little more room if you please gentlemen," said the banker, at the same time bowing to the spectators, and motioning them with his arm to stand on one side.

They obeyed mechanically, gaping with mute astonishment, each servant face paralyzed with a stupid state and betraying tought save a feeling of instinctive dread. The banker, with his arm resting on the table, and his head supported in his left hand, took a steady aim at the young lieutenant.

"Fire," exclaimed Alfred, uncovering his breast, his countenance beaming with intrepidity and unshrinking resignation. The banker withdrew his hand, and raised his head. The spectators breathed once more. This unnatural scene has been protracted too long, and for an instant there was hope. "We have not chosen seconds," he remarked. "But as for that matter," he added after a moment's silence, "these gentlemen may serve as witnesses in case of need." He levelled again and fired. The young lieutenant by gasping on the floor in the last agonies of death.

"The cards pass, gentlemen," cried the banker, as he laid the pistol still smoking on the table.

The Last Blow is Given.

The last blow is given,
The arrow is sped—
The sweet tie is riven,
The sweet hope is dead.
For wild was our error,
For mercy to spare;
Thy touch me, in terror,
That thou wert too dear.
Yet parting's no sorrow,
If tears speak for grief,
In vain would I borrow
From weeping relief.
My eye balls are aching,
Yet tears will not fall—
Yet all are forsaking—
Thou, too, more than all.
All leave me that cherished—
I wander alone;
Thy hope too has perish'd,
Thou storm stricken one
Divided forever,
By mountain and sea,
I dream again never,
Of meeting with thee.
From cloud to cloud leaping,
The tempest is hoarse;
Its wing o'er me sweeping,
I fear not its force.
Let the bright shaft of heaven
Come shatter the oak,
The high tree thou riven
Needs no second stroke.

From the Echo de l'Orient of Feb. 15.

The Last Moments of Lady Hester Stanhope.

It was midnight. I was aroused from sleep by a loud knocking at my door. On opening it I found a gigantic negro, with his bridle in his hand, and large big tears coursing each other down his ebony cheeks. "For God's sake come, sir, and save Lady Hester—come quick, or you will be too late!" Within a few minutes I was galloping on the road to Djouni, and on entering Lady Hester's chamber I found her lying on her couch, at the head of which sat her faithful negress, weeping bitterly.

"Zaira," said the lady, "let my big mare be saddled, let my guards be ready, and tell the brave fellows that I will be ready to lead them on to Jerusalem."

"Alas, my Lady! these are not fitting thoughts for a death-bed."

"Insensate Zaira! I on my death-bed! I, whose brow is encircled with a golden halo, which will last as long as the world! I who shortly am going to mount the throne of Jerusalem! Avaunt! I banish you from my presence."

I then advanced, and my patient immediately began enumerating to me her myriads of combats in which she were to follow her to the throne of Jerusalem. I suggested that her present state of health would not allow her to take so long a journey. She attempted to reply, but sank exhausted on the couch.

An old man covered with rags entered—here is his history.

In 1809 Pierre Louis Lustanos left France for the East Indies. Penniless and friendless, but possessing some slight military knowledge, he arrived at Lahore, and served with great credit under Runjeet Singh. In 1820, feared and beloved by all, he had amassed an immense wealth in gold and diamonds. A considerable portion of this he left with his wife, the Princess Cachucza. Loaded with riches, he left Lahore for Europe; but just as the ship arrived off Gibraltar she was attacked, and his wealth was swallowed up by the waves. Nothing was left except a diamond worth 6000, on which he lived until 1825, when Runjeet Singh called him to Lahore. One day he fancied that the Almighty had commanded him to adopt the life of a hermit, and since that period he lived as a rigid anchorite. At length he left his cell to share the palace of Lady Hester, whose affections he had gained, but they soon quarrelled, as both were aspirants to the throne of Jerusalem. Since that period he has wandered about, subsisting on the bounty of Lady Hester, who carefully concealed the hand that administered to his want.

It was this old man, Lustanos, who now entered the chamber of death. The Lady's countenance was lit up with a smile for a few seconds, she then sank down upon her couch, and all was over.

The Bore.

The Bore never dies; that is, he never has the decency to know when he ought to die. He ever lives to the latest moment, and mostly enjoys his faculties up to the latest breath. Sometimes he may become deaf, but that is of little consequence to himself, and is no relief to others. Unhappily, he is never dumb until enffined.

In fact his health is, for the most part, absolutely odiously good. Where he to fall ill, and give his friends a respite, he would conceive his vocation gone. Nay, he prolongs his life and your torments by rising early and going to bed late. He is a great traveller, too, for go where you will you are sure to meet him. Should you take a journey to the North Pole to be out of his way, he would be certain to be the first person you would meet there.

Not being ever sure, the Bore fastens himself upon you, as an oyster to a rock. He is your only beau, your true blood-sucker; but with this world difference, that you cannot make him fat go his bold by sprinkling salt upon him. Do you hope to check him by the coldness of your manner?—He mistakes it for resignation, and sticks to you the more pitilessly. Do you get into a passion? He smiles at your mistake. Proud on his coolness even: he will shift his place, but renew his victory. Bolt him out at the door, he'll return by the window to tell you something which he had forgot.

The Bore is a great reader, otherwise how could he weary you by talking on every conceivable subject; for the same reason, there is no language that he has not a smattering of. And whenever he begins his attack by assuring you that he is about to tell a most laughable story, you must prepare for a fit of suicidal melancholy as the result.

No lynx has a surer sight than the Bore: no race-horse is swifter, no hunter is surer of foot. He never forgets persons or names. Be you a mile off, you are a ruined man; and, by the time you have jumped a hedge, in order to effect your escape, he will be at the other side to receive you. Should he be owner of a country-house and garden, and catch you near, you are a lost mutton—He won't spare you a visit to each part of his domain, together with its history, down to the pig sty.

On the other hand, if, like *Dogberry*, he has had "reason," the Bore is the most intolerable of his species. Each time you meet him you have to hear the history of his misfortunes, not lating a single day. He takes your groans for sighs of pity and thanks you for your commiseration by a shake of the hand at each. And he redoubles his attention to patronize to reward your sympathy; never dreaming that you consider his wife's elopement from him, the desertion of his children, and the cutting of him by all his friends, as the most natural events in the world.

The Bore will tell you that he never knows what it is to be at a loss for employment; you know it to your cost.

Never flatter yourself that you can escape the Bore when he has marked you down as his victim, or that you can shake him off. He is unquitous as T——, and persevering as fate. In vain you turn away your head; he holds the proffered cup, and you must drink it.

You have only one privilege of which he cannot deprive you—you may pray for his death!

CLIMATE.—I have remarked that, as a general rule, people are contented with the land they live in, but not with the weather; and the reason is plain, because the former is permanent, and we adapt ourselves to it; the other uncertain.

Ladies' Department.

The Wedded Life.

BY MRS. STANFORD.

I may perhaps startle you Effy, by saying that the first year of a young woman's wedded life, is generally the most unhappy, and the most trying one she experiences. However intensely we may have studied the character of our affianced, however well we may have imagined we know it in all its narrow windings, still shall we find, when we become wives, that we have yet something to learn. By sections are the affections on either side shown, and although it is in the power and nature of a woman to manifest her devotedness by a thousand little attentions, she must not repine if she receives not the like.

The feelings of the other sex are not so soft and exquisite as those of our own—if they were we might possibly be happier, and we may for a moment wish that they were so, but we shall restrain so selfish a desire, if we reflect how much more unfit they would be by such a constitution to bear the crosses and buffets of the world.

It is said that lovers' quarrels are but the renewal of love, but it is not so in truth. Continued differences and bickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trivial subjects—indeed it is the every day occurrences which try the love and tempers of the married life—great occasions for quarrel seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice, must meet with attentions, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing for her husband. It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents, which may annoy married men, or the little unobtrusive pleasures which it is in the power of a wife to give—but throughout her life in her employments, she must ever bear his pleasures on her mind. She must act for him in preference to herself, and she will be amply rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task—and to make him happy she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery a woman can experience is the changed heart, and the alienated affections of her husband, but even in that painful case she must not upbraid—she must bear with fortitude and patience her great disappointment—she must return good for evil to the utmost, and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any dereliction of affection or duty on her part.

Some women in order to win back the husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempts to arouse his jealousy—but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a method. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth—there are moments when feelings of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart, and to reap the benefit of such moments the injured forgiving wife must still be enshrined in the purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself, and in some measure, also stand exonerated to the world, if his wife relax in the propriety of conduct, while on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the unexplaining patience, and unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike to his heart, and do much to win him back to his former love, and to tie obedience of the vows he breathed at the altar where his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, an affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side, and she must, with smiles of tenderness, encourage the returning all class, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult, for virtuous women to perform. Our love which before marriage is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency, and depth afterward—it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn, all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches; and the more the world recedes from, the more firmly will she stand by him; she will be his friend when no others come near him, she will be his comforter when all other worldly comforts has slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other support; she will smile at the frowns of the world—she will not heed its censures—he is her all, and in love are all other feelings forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great, the faintest smile will not be a reward too little—quick at feeling unkindness, we are also quick at feeling tenderness, and a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our heart and bring us misery or happiness.

The Name.

BY T. HOFFMAN.

It comes to me when healths go round
And wine the wine their garlands wreathing
The flowers of wit, with mirth wound,
Are tossed from lip goblet to sithing.
From sparkling song and jolly gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, and heart and eyes,
With sad sweet silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the night,
When care is nothing earth is still,
When Ancient grants the mortal heart,
The wild Ambition strangles the strife;
It comes to whisper of Thy theft,
The last with thee each place to store,
For Fame were not success to me
Nor wealth, unshared with thee.

It comes to me when sorrow weighs me down,
And anxiety gnaws the heart,
In open when spell would raise have bound me,
It comes, and raises to bring alone,
Remembrance of thee and love of thee,
Dearer than a world I hold to me,
Because to me more so treasured by thee.

It comes to me when the cheerless knight
Their shadows cast upon the soul,
And all in Nature's fane my voice
Are stilled to one low mournful word,
It comes to me, and my heart is fond,
It comes to me, and my heart is true,
It comes to tell that all of wealth,
I dream in heaven or know on earth,
Heaven's bright or dear is to be,
Is blended with my thought of thee.

GERMAN PUNCTUALITY.—An English traveller relates an incident to the following effect, in illustration of the fastidious punctuality observed by the Germans:—During a temporary residence at Mayence, he made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. Though in practice a pious, straight-forward matter-of-fact person, he was nevertheless addicted, like the Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, the English man shifted his quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, it was inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health. "For neither," replied the honest German, "my errand is to you, and I shall return home after I have paid off a little debt." "I am not aware," said the traveller, "that we had any pecuniary transactions whatever." "No," replied Herr Klopp, "not in money; but if you remember, on such a day, (giving the day and date,) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is——" And with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid up the salute in arrear.

GOETHE.—Goethe is too artificial to be great. He has put on of late a factitious indifference and elevation, as though he were trying to carry out Pope's lines, and

"Rise with equal ease, as void of all
A heavenly native of a heavenly land."

and he flatters himself that his indifference to others' sorrows is fortitude in his own.

Juvenile Department.

Harriet's Sabbath.

"I am sure that I keep the Sabbath," said Harriet to herself, as she looked down into the street beneath her window, where several boys were sliding on the ice. "There are those wicked boys now, playing as if it were a week-day. Agnes," she continued, addressing an older sister, "don't you think I have kept this Sabbath holy?"

Agnes laid aside the books which had been open before her, and drew the little girl into her lap, as she said.

"First tell me how you have spent the day my dear."

"Well, when I first woke this morning, I said my prayers and dressed, and then it was time for breakfast. After that, I studied my Sabbath School lesson, until it was time to go, and our Sarah came into the dining-room while I was there, and she said she never saw any little girl so careful to keep Sunday holy. She said that at Mrs. Jy's, where she used to live, the children were romping and playing about all day, and never thought of reading the Bible."

"But," said Agnes, "perhaps those children have never been taught to do any better. But you have parents who try themselves to do right, and who teach you that the Sabbath is God's own day, and should therefore be spent in his service. If you wished to play, they would not allow you to do so." Harriet felt quite sorry to hear this. She had been proud all day in the thought that she was better than Mrs. Jy's children, but the remarks of her sister seemed to place things in a new light.

"I am sure, Agnes, I should not play if they did not allow it. But I will tell you the rest. From Sabbath School I went to Church, and when I came home, I read in the Bible until it was time to go again in the afternoon, except the few minutes for dinner. Then you know that since meeting this afternoon I have been finding verses about angels—that is our Bible lesson for to-morrow, and I was determined to get more than any of the other girls. I have bit my tongue over so many times when it was going to say something funny, and when George asked me how far it was to Washington, I told him I had rather talk of it some other day. And I feel very happy because I know that I have tried to be good."

"Yes," said Agnes, "you have tried and I am glad that you have told me all about it. But does God look upon the outward conduct or upon the heart?"

"Upon the heart certainly," answered Harriet. "And can you tell me if He has been in all your thoughts to-day?" asked Agnes gently.

Harriet's countenance suddenly fell.

"No," said she, "I have thought of a great many thing to-day, and I know that they were not serious ones. Now I will tell you truly, Agnes, why I like to go to Church—but don't look at me, it seems as if your eyes could see into my heart. I like to think of all manner of things which might happen. Sometimes I do not hear a word the minister is saying. I get to thinking about beautiful things which I should like to have, and you can't think how delightful it is."

"Yes I can," said Agnes, "because I sometimes do so myself."

"Yes" cried Harriet, starting up with surprise. "Well, I declare I can scarcely believe it."

"I don't mean that I do so on the Sabbath," said Agnes.

"Oh, don't you! Well, is it very wrong?"

"I don't think it well to indulge in it any time, but it becomes decidedly sinful on the Sabbath."

"I am sorry for it," said Harriet. "What shall I do then? If I don't think of such things I shall have my head full of some other nonsense."

"You should listen to the sermon."

"Oh dear! It is as full of long, hard words, as can be! I can't understand preaching."

"If you try to understand and listen attentively to every word, you will find that you will soon be able to comprehend almost all."

Harriet shook her head doubtfully. There was a silence of several minutes. At last Harriet said,

"Agnes"—

"Well, my dear"

"I think I have broken every Sabbath of my life, just with sinful thoughts."

"I am afraid that we might all say so," said Agnes, seriously. "I know that the more anxious I am to do and to feel as I ought, the more evil thoughts seem to spring up in my heart. But papa, says, that this is because our very watchfulness makes us see what had before escaped our notice."

"Is there no way then," said Harriet mournfully, "to keep God's day perfectly?"

"We cannot do it in our own strength certainly, but we can tell our Heavenly Father how weak and sinful we are, and entreat his help when we find our hearts leading us astray. He who commanded us to remember the day to keep it holy, has also taught us to pray.

Poland.

Poland!—at the mention of her name what mighty associations come thronging upon the mind! Poland—the land of Sobieski, of Kosciusko, of Pulaski—the land of patriots and of heroes—Poland, who of old went forth, steeled as the champion of Christendom, and rolled back from the plains of Europe the tide of Moslem conquest—Poland, the apostle of toleration, who laughed at the bulls and anathemas of Popes, when the haughty kings of England and France did homage for their crowns, and kissed the toe of his Holiness while he graciously trampled their diadems in the dust—Poland, in whose bosom the persecuted, of all creeds, found shelter and protection;—though long since strangled beneath the grasp of tyrants—behold now rising and bursting her chains—again trampled in the dust, weltering in her blood,—her locks clotted with gore, her brave sons in exile and chains, her daughters in sack cloth and woe—Poland, though trodden to the earth, thank God, is, in the language of her battle song, "not yet wholly dead!" She lives in the fame of her deathless heroes;—proud memories of her speak to us from every page of her history; her blood cries to us from a thousand battle-fields. She lives in the sympathies of the friends of liberty, in whatever clime they are found. She lives enshrined in the hearts of her exiled sons, and in